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THE NEW REPUBLIC

THE LEGEND OF

Colin Powell

BY CHARLES LANE

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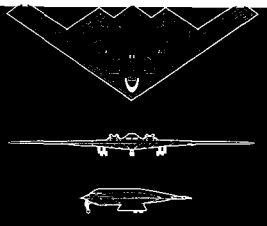

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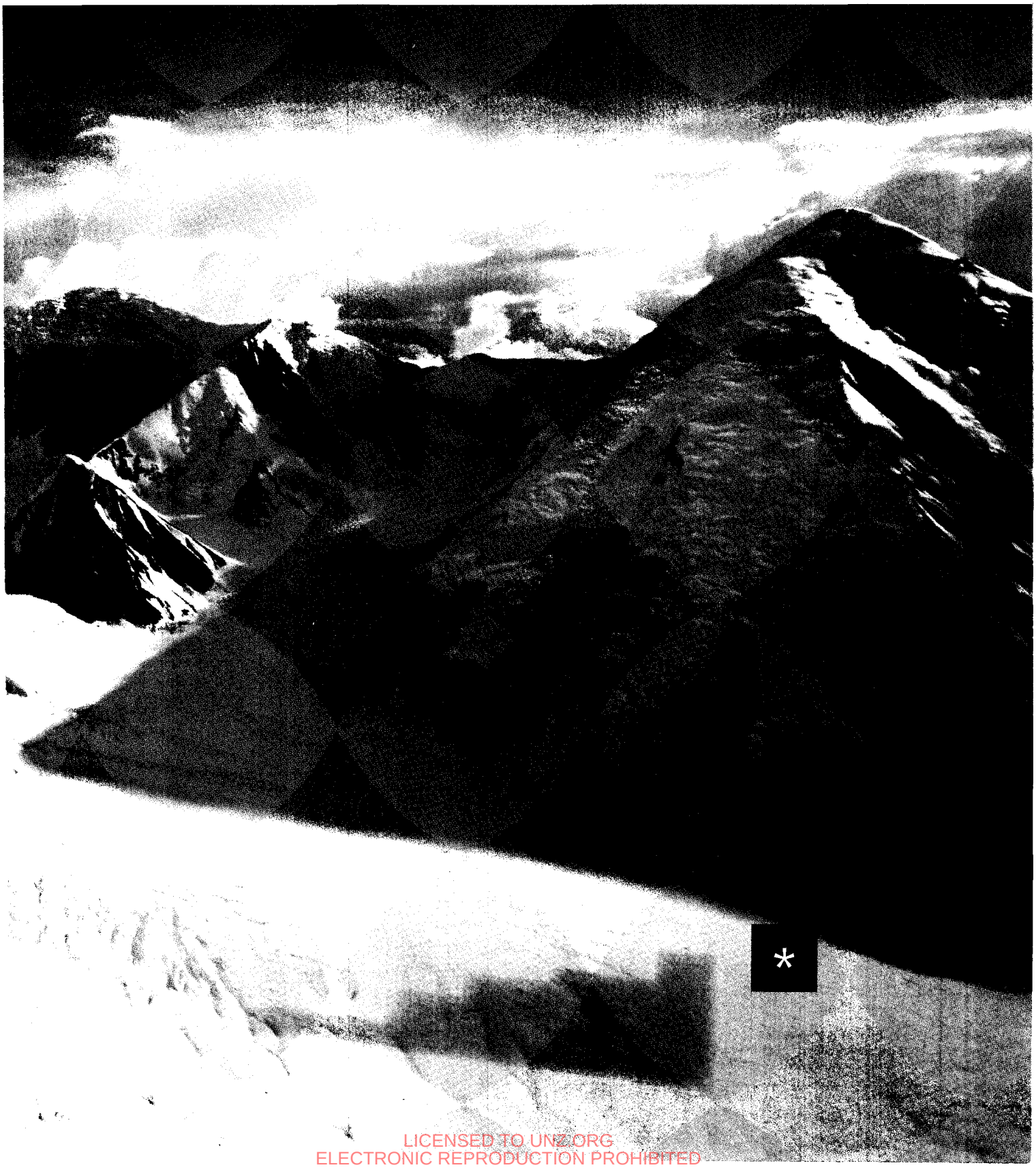

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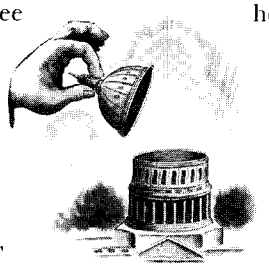
TRB®
FROM WASHINGTON

Tyson vs. Simpson

According to one poll, 68 percent of American blacks think O.J. Simpson is innocent, and 61 percent of whites think he's guilty. Presumably this gap looks about equally mystifying from either side. Speaking from the white side, at any rate, I can attest to having wondered at the suspicion so many blacks harbor toward the courts and police. But I've cut down on my wondering since Mike Tyson got out of jail. His case reminded me why blacks often think the deck is stacked against them: because it is.

When Tyson was convicted three years ago, almost all opinion leaders were delighted. Liberals hailed the case as a landmark in date-rape jurisprudence. ("A KNOCKOUT OF A VERDICT" was the imaginative title of a *Washington Post* column.) Conservatives were less vocally supportive, but they certainly didn't leap to defend a man aptly characterized by one beauty-pageant contestant as a "serial buttocks fondler." Black protesters who had crowded around the Indianapolis courthouse with "FREE MIKE TYSON" signs were dismissed as sadly deluded. But the protesters were right. Tyson was wrongly convicted. He may well have raped Desiree Washington—indeed, he *probably* raped her—but he definitely wasn't guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.



Tyson and Washington agree that she willingly went up to his hotel room around 2 a.m. He says she consented to sex, and she says she didn't. The limousine driver who drove her away afterwards said she seemed dazed and upset, exclaiming "Who does he think he is?" That's certainly the way she might have behaved after rape; it's also the way she might have behaved if, after intercourse, she learned that his sexual interest didn't signify anything more. And Tyson is not one to mince words. (Witnesses said Washington expressed gold-digging interest in Tyson.)

The main other evidence against Tyson were two small vaginal abrasions found twenty-six hours after the incident, when Washington first reported it. An expert testified that consensual sex only rarely produces such abrasions. Then again, consensual sex only rarely involves a 108-pound woman and Mike Tyson (225).

Washington had some weak spots in her story (though fewer than Tyson). She said she never envisioned sex, yet right before the sex she went into Tyson's bathroom and removed a sanitary pad. (She would have replaced it, she testified, but her purse was in the bedroom.) She said she didn't permit Tyson to touch her before going to his room, yet observers said they saw the couple necking in the limousine and holding hands upon leaving it. But the judge nixed these witnesses, who had surfaced only after the trial began. (Stuart Taylor of the *American Lawyer* noted that this and other rulings gave Tyson a compelling case for appeal, which was then denied by 2-to-1 vote.)

Now, in Florida a few months earlier, William Kennedy Smith, a well-born white man, had been tried for date rape and acquitted. Smith's guilt is more likely than Tyson's; three women recalled being sexually assaulted by him in similar circumstances. But this time the judge excluded mainly the damning evidence—their testimony. Meanwhile, the jury was alienated by an inept prosecutor, awed by Kennedy potentates and won over by Smith, who is a polite and innocuous-looking white guy. Tyson, by contrast, comes off as middle America's nightmare: a crude, violent, sexually aggressive black male—threat to home, wife, daughter. Significantly, the Tyson jury was at first split evenly by gender, with men wanting conviction and women acquittal.

There were two ways for liberals to react to the Tyson verdict. One was to compare it with the Smith verdict and decry racial or class injustice. The other was to applaud it as a victory for feminism—gratifying proof, after the frustrating Smith trial, that date rape needn't be tolerated. The trouble with the second reaction is that it jettisons a core part of liberalism—a principled refusal to imprison people just because they *probably* committed a crime and the mob is clamoring for law and order. Feminism won this miniature struggle for liberalism's soul, a fact crystallized by an editorial in *The Nation* that glibly celebrated Tyson's conviction. (The alternative would have been to confront the painful fact that date rape, by its nature, rarely admits to proof in American courts.)

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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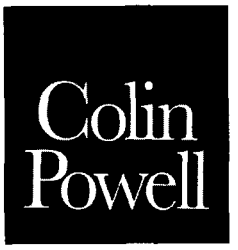

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CORRESPONDENCE

Big daddy

To the editors:
Nicholas Lemann states that Martin Luther King Sr. endorsed Richard Nixon over John Kennedy ("Hope Against Hope," March 13). Not true. Speaking as Martin Luther King Sr.'s sometime attorney and as the man instrumental in his change of party affiliation, let me set the the record straight.

When the senior King (whom we respectfully called "Daddy") visited me in my Atlanta law office a few weeks before the election, I asked him to get Martin Jr. to endorse JFK and was told, "He can't—he's the head of a tax-exempt foundation." I replied, "But Daddy, *you* can. And who will draw a distinction?"

Daddy replied, "I can't. I'm a Republican and a Baptist preacher. Kennedy's a Catholic." Then Daddy caught himself. "You're right. After what Kennedy's done for my son, I'll do it. Have the press at [my congregation] on Sunday and I'll say that I'm going to deliver a suitcase full of votes to Senator Kennedy." And Daddy did just that.

MORRIS B. ABRAM
Geneva, Switzerland

Dealing death

To the editors:
I find it interesting that Jim Sleeper labels sex clubs and their owners as "death-dealing" in his piece regarding Senator Bill Bradley's call to responsible civil behavior ("The Other Bill," March 20). Far from being irresponsible, these clubs, in San Francisco at least, pride themselves on offering plenty of safe-sex information and condoms. Most provide monitors, adequate lighting and other features that are designed to curb unsafe sexual activity. Some even provide regularly scheduled counseling and anonymous HIV testing. I would submit that these clubs are the highest example of civil responsibility. Or is it better to ignore the HIV epidemic and let unsafe sexual behavior flourish at highway rest stops, public parks, etc.?

PAUL ORTEGA
San Francisco, California

Lottery lawsuit

To the editors:
Robert Wright's TRB column on tort reform ("Tortellini," March 20) proposes that we "delete the 'loser pays' provision and place a ceiling on punitive damages—as distinguished from compensatory damages—even lower than the Republican ceiling; this would dull the 'lottery lawsuit' incentive, but in more egalitarian fashion."

This proposal has a damaging side effect that could be avoided. Punitive damages awards are designed to punish (and deter) egregious behavior by extracting damages far above that suffered by the plaintiff at hand. The "lottery incentive" could be eliminated by diverting a large share of these awards to benefit society as a whole, rather than rewarding only the plaintiff with a huge windfall. This arrangement would retain the deterrent purpose of punitive damages while still dulling the powerful incentive to bring lawsuits.

THOMAS O'BRIEN
Charlottesville, Virginia

Zeroed out

To the editors:
Your sophisticated quick take on the Barings collapse (Notebook, March 20) may be just a tad more insouciant than warranted. It is true that Barings "was the loser of a zero-sum game," and that "every dollar it lost was made by someone else" (less, one presumes, some transaction costs going into the pockets of middlemen). But why not, then, dismiss theft and embezzlement as also zero-sum games? Or confiscatory taxes as merely a massive transfer of wealth?

The bottom line, in my view, concerns breach of fiduciary duty. Those who manage other people's money must ask themselves whether the client would go along for the ride if one said, "Oh, by the way, we're playing a game with a 20 percent chance that tomorrow morning the entire account will be gone."

As for Baring's well-clubbed, well-titled principals, it's hard for me to work up great froths of pity: their loss of control of their bank is well-earned retribution for greed. One does so enjoy schadenfreude when the arrogant are struck down.

GIL KLAJMAN
West Paterson, New Jersey

Rumors

To the editors:
Rumors of my marriage to Jeffrey Masson are greatly exaggerated (New York Diarist, Jeffrey Rosen, March 13). Perhaps you could find some other basis for attacking my credibility?

CATHARINE A. MACKINNON
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Facing facts, ctd.

To the editors:
Deborah Lipstadt's assault on "Facing History and Ourselves" ("Not Facing History," March 6) is less about one of this nation's most successful efforts at moral education than about Lipstadt's own confusions. On the one hand, she is disturbed that Facing History explicitly asks eighth- and ninth-grade students to draw connections between the Holocaust and current events; the job of the teacher, she says, "is to draw distinctions," to make clear that "all instances of mass-destruction are not the same," to emphasize the uniqueness of the Holocaust. On the other hand, she boasts of her own success in teaching the Holocaust to college students, who invariably emerge "more sensitive to ethnic and religious hatred," ready "to speak out about injustice when they confront it."

The difference between her approach and Facing History's, she tells us, is that she lets students make their own connections to the material while Facing History pointedly suggests connections. The more obvious difference she ignores is in the pedagogy appropriate to young teenagers who are likely to wonder why they are being asked to study ancient and distant history and college students who have opted to take Lipstadt's course.

I know the Facing History curriculum. It is emphatic in its depiction of the Holocaust as a unique event; it is equally emphatic in suggesting that this unique event can be the source of lessons with universal application. Indeed, if that were not the case, why would, or should, public schools choose to offer the course at all?

LEONARD FEIN
Boston, Massachusetts

Pell mell

To the editors:
Library of Congress Director of Communications Peter Braestrup denies that the library bowed to political pressure from the German government when it decided to schedule the Germans' misleading exhibit on anti-Hitler resistance (Correspondence, April 3). The fact is that Librarian of Congress James Billington had initially rejected the show, but something persuaded him to change his mind. One report in Washington held that German President Helmut Kohl intervened—not with Billington himself, but with Senator Claiborne Pell, who at the time chaired both the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the committee that oversees the library's appro-

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priations. A spokesman for Pell, Orlando Potter, said "it may be the case" that Pell helped persuade the library to make room for the show; German resistance "is something he's interested in," Potter told me.

Billington's first decision was the right one: the library shouldn't mount exhibits organized by foreign governments, especially when they are as tendentious and deceptive as this one.

JON WIENER
Los Angeles, California

Vituperative

To the editors:

While Human Rights Watch publishes reports regularly on some seventy countries worldwide, we have grown accustomed to TNR's vituperative editorials each time we publish on the Israeli occupied territories. Yet we must admit to astonishment at your March 6 Notebook item.

When we published our assessment of the Palestinian Authority's human rights record, we criticized the authority for violating Palestinians' rights for free expression and association by arbitrarily detaining peaceful political opponents under the guise of apprehending those who commit acts of violence. We also condemned violent Palestinian groups for attacking innocent civilians. And we criticized Israel for ignoring its humanitarian obligations to a population that in important respects remains under occupation.

You charge us with naïveté. We should not be deluded by "the usual romance about the possibility of 'civil society' among the Palestinians," you instruct. The implication: human rights are for humans, not Palestinians.

Because we insist that the Israeli government meet its legitimate security concerns without sacrificing the basic values enshrined in international human rights treaties, you wrongly charge us with "enmity toward Israel." Does this do Israel any favors?

KENNETH ROTH
Executive director, Human Rights Watch
New York, New York

Canard

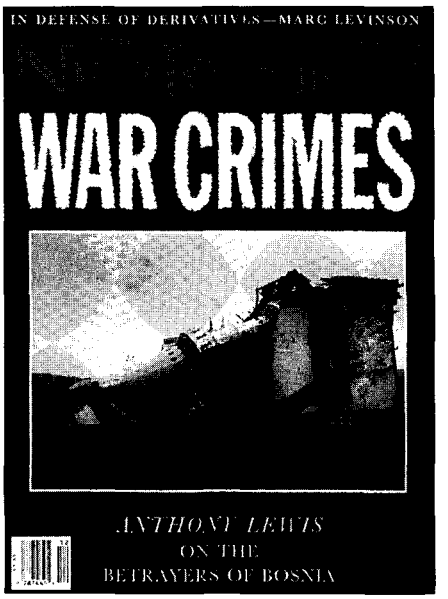
To the editors:

Your editorial addressing the National Security Revitalization Act ("Withdrawal Symptoms," March 13) properly chastises the Republicans for advocating a return to isolationism in U.S. foreign policy. However, you are off the mark to accuse the Clinton administration of sacrificing the nation's foreign policy to the interests of the United Nations.

You seem to have fallen for the same canard that has lately plagued the Republicans—that cooperation with United Nations peacekeeping missions signals the "usurpation" of American influence.

American authority is in no way compromised by these missions since the United States retains the right not to participate in them, or to limit its role as it sees fit. American participation enhances its international influence since future conflicts are more likely to be resolved through multilateral actions than by the unilateral saber-rattling that has previously been this country's forte.

NATHAN IRWIN
Grand Forks, North Dakota



No clue

To the editors:

When it comes to the rights of women, Arlen Specter merely doesn't comprehend the meaning of whatever comes out of his mouth ("Darlin' Arlen," Ruth Shalit, March 13). He is still the same Arlen Specter who, in 1972, as district attorney of Philadelphia, in a speech to a general meeting of the Philadelphia chapter of the National Organization for Women, told his audience that the best way for a woman to avoid being raped was to stay at home at night. When someone pointed out to him politely that this might be a burden to women, Specter replied that he stayed home at night in fear of being mugged. He had no clue about what these people thought was wrong with what he said.

NORMA R. FRANK
Merion, Pennsylvania

Cable ready

To the editors:

Robert Wright's "Newt vs. Big Bird" (TRB, February 20) contains a clear error in suggesting that The Learning Channel "generate[s] little new programming." In prime time alone, The Learning Channel now airs the following originally produced series: "Ancient Warriors," "Great Castles of Europe" and Desmond Morris's "The Human Animal," among many others. Add a spate of daytime fringe and preschool series we originally produced or coproduced, and you'll discover that most of what appears on The Learning Channel is fresh programming.

There may be reasons to subsidize PBS, but a lack of original programming on The Learning Channel (or its sister network, The Discovery Channel) is not one of them.

JOHN B. FORD
The Learning Channel
Bethesda, Maryland

Miami vice

To the editors:

Phil Gramm's Asian American wife hardly "inoculates" him on matters of race, as Andrew Sullivan contends ("Miami Diarist," March 20). The dominant American culture's acceptance of Asian feminine sexuality has preceded acceptance of ethnic Asians as genuine Americans. Sullivan refers to Gramm's Eurasian American sons as "Amerasian." This description is erroneous, since Wendy Gramm is just as American as Phil Gramm—but perhaps understandable, since Sullivan isn't.

ANDREW CHIN
Austin, Texas

To the editors:

As a fellow émigré and long-time South Florida resident, I greatly enjoyed Andrew Sullivan's Miami Diarist. But he would be wise to stick to his native English and eschew such Teutonic tautologies as "schadenfreude pleasure." Since schadenfreude means "pleasure in the misfortune of others," adding the word "pleasure" is redundant—unless, of course, it is his intention to double our pleasure.

GARD E. NORBERG
Dania, Florida

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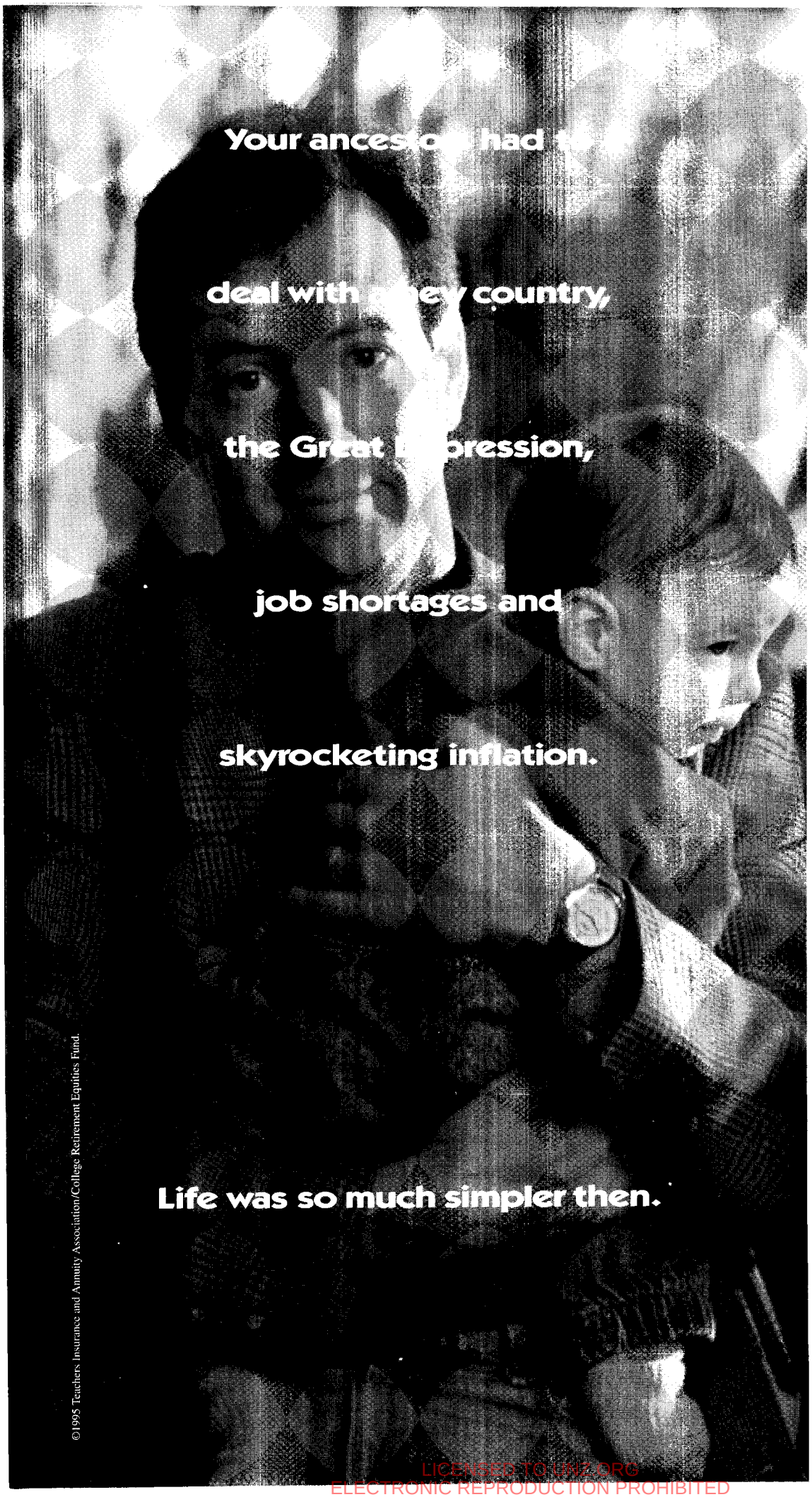

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

APRIL 17, 1995

VICTIM JUSTICE

"I know I have an impossible request, your honor. But given five minutes alone with Colin Ferguson, this coward would know the meaning of suffering.... [To Ferguson]: Look at these eyes. You can't look at 'em, right? You can't. You remember these eyes. You're nothing but a piece of garbage. You're a [expletive] animal. Five minutes. That's all I need with you. Five minutes."
—Robert Giugliano, who was shot by Colin Ferguson

The anguish of the victims at the trial of Colin Ferguson was deeply moving, and their statements have been applauded as the only redeeming feature of an otherwise ghoulish spectacle. "If death was in that Long Island courtroom, so was life—affirmed by speakers who were in one way or another Mr. Ferguson's victims," *The New York Times* concluded. "[T]he participation of victims at the post-conviction stage is a healthy development," agreed *The Washington Post*. "It provides a catharsis for the surviving victim or his family, allowing those who have suffered to be heard."

We beg to differ. Of course, victims of crimes should have opportunities to find catharsis for their pain. But the dispassionate forum of public sentencing should not be one of them. Since Congress passed the Victim and Witness Protection Act of 1982, at least thirty-six states have allowed victim impact statements at trials. Most states require the statements to be written by a probation officer or state official, who can give an objective assessment of the harm caused by the crime. A few states, though, such as California and New York, allow the victims to speak at sentencing. This innovation has been widely criticized as a recipe for inflaming judges and juries with raw emotionalism. The Ferguson trial illustrates that the criticisms have been understated.

Yelling epithets in a courtroom may indeed be therapeutic for victims, but personal therapy is not a defensible purpose of criminal trials, which are conducted in the name of the people at large. Before 1991, the Supreme Court excluded evidence of the suffering of a victim's family in death penalty trials on the grounds that the character of the victim is irrelevant to the defendant's blameworthiness, especially since many murderers know nothing about their anonymous victims. In *Payne* v. *Tennessee*, the Court reversed itself and upheld the use of victim impact statements in capital cases. But seven justices took care to distinguish legitimate victim impact evidence, such as evidence about the character and suffering of the victim and survivors, from irrelevant and prejudicial evidence, such as the survivors' personal opinions about the defendant and the sentence he or she deserves.

The circus in Long Island shows the impossibility of filtering out legitimate from prejudicial evidence when victims are encouraged to voice their unmediated rage. Several of Ferguson's victims called on the judge to impose the maximum sentence. ("Dear honor, may you put him away forever in prison. No parole. Ever.") One even called for the death penalty, which is not yet available in New York. ("I believe it is within the moral rights of this society to sentence Colin Ferguson to death.... May God have mercy on you and this court have none.") The judge later told the survivors that he was profoundly moved by their anger, which is precisely what judges are not supposed to be moved by.

The most basic requirement of the rule of law is that judges and juries must be personally impartial, that they can't decide even close cases on the basis of their sympathy or distaste for one party or another. Yet victim impact statements, when presented orally without the possibility of rational evaluation, guarantee that trials will degenerate into lawless emotionalism. As George Fletcher of Columbia Law School argues in *With Justice for Some*, the pain suffered by victims, which is highly relevant in determining the proper compensation in a personal injury case, should play little role in determining the proper punishment in a criminal case.

The celebration of emotionalism in criminal trials is part of a broader, Oprah-esque trend in public life, whose creed, as Yale law professor Paul Gewirtz argues, is "I feel, therefore I may judge." But criminal trials are designed to resist the talk-show creed. Judges and juries, unlike television viewers and victims, must decide guilt on the basis of reason rather than emotion, and punishment on the basis of public values rather than private rage. Perhaps the liberal state can't be saved from the hydraulic pressure of emotionalism. But a liberal legal system cannot survive it. •

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NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: The Secret Service, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, Drug Enforcement Administration and other federal agencies had to cancel a raid at a public housing unit after the District of Columbia inadvertently publicized it beforehand in a news release.... In Berkeley, California, Joseph "the Waving Man" Charles celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday by waving to motorists during rush hour in the rain.... Diane Childs of Elgin, Illinois, was charged with marijuana possession after her 8-year-old daughter called 911 and turned her in.... Shaw's supermarkets in Londonderry, New Hampshire, pulled all videos of *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective* off the shelves after one family witnessed pornographic scenes at the end of their copy. Police suspect distributors dubbed the film onto used tapes.... The city of Davis, California, agreed to pay Sari Zayed $13,500 for wrongfully charging her with snoring too loudly.... Moscow police reported a wave of babushka disappearances believed to be caused by criminals kidnapping or killing thousands of them to rent their apartments to foreigners.... "We were bored," said Tom Martinez, explaining why he and seven other college students stole a 300-pound Big Boy statue in Toledo, Ohio, and scattered its pieces around the city with "Big Boy is Dead" warnings.... Boydton, Virginia, inmate Jeffrey Sawyer remained at large after walking away from his work assignment, which was painting the warden's house.... New York Governor George Pataki said he hoped Al Sharpton "lost some weight" after leading a 170-mile march to protest the state budget.... Charlie and Kim Vacchiano of Portland, Maine, introduced Rush Lipbalm, which "relieves sore, dry chapped lips caused by your own hot air."

ASSAULT WEAPONS
MY POLLING SAID I WAS IN DANGER OF BEING PERCEIVED AS A SENSIBLE MODERATE.
NRA
DOLE
FOR PRESIDENT
TOLES
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THEN YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

ABORTION DISTORTION: Most of the hysteria about the House's welfare reform plan came, predictably, from the old left. But these liberals found an unlikely ally in the Catholic Church. While the Church objected to several provisions, such as the ban on public aid for legal immigrants, what drew the most coverage was their fear that the reforms might increase abortion rates among poor women. The National Right to Life Committee and other pro-lifers also opposed parts of the Republican plan on anti-abortion grounds. We suppose these groups deserve points for sticking to their principles at the risk of alienating their allies among the Newtoids. And it's understandable that pro-choice groups on the left—NARAL and NOW, in particular—would quickly strike up an alliance of convenience with their pro-life enemies for the purpose of weakening the GOP bill. Still, some perspective is in order. The welfare debate is not primarily about abortion or even reproductive freedom; it is about transforming a culture of poverty and dependence. Reducing this complex issue to a simple question of whether the Republican plan will increase abortions sets an alarming precedent. Virtually any government policy is likely to have some effect on the abortion rate. Women in school, according to some research, are more likely to have abortions than are uneducated women. Should we shut down schools to preserve the unborn? More to the point, any solution to the welfare problem—providing mandatory jobs for welfare mothers, for example—might encourage an increase in abortions, at least in the short run. The pro-choice left has always held there are worse things than abortions. It may soon regret abandoning this principle.

EARTH TO IRVING: Last month, things were running smoothly at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School conference marking the fiftieth anniversary of *Commentary* magazine until an undergraduate gently asked Irving Kristol at the final session about the neo-conservative embrace of Pat Robertson. The normally affable leader of the neo-con movement barked, "What are you afraid of? What are you afraid of?" Two pieces in the latest *New York Review of Books* by

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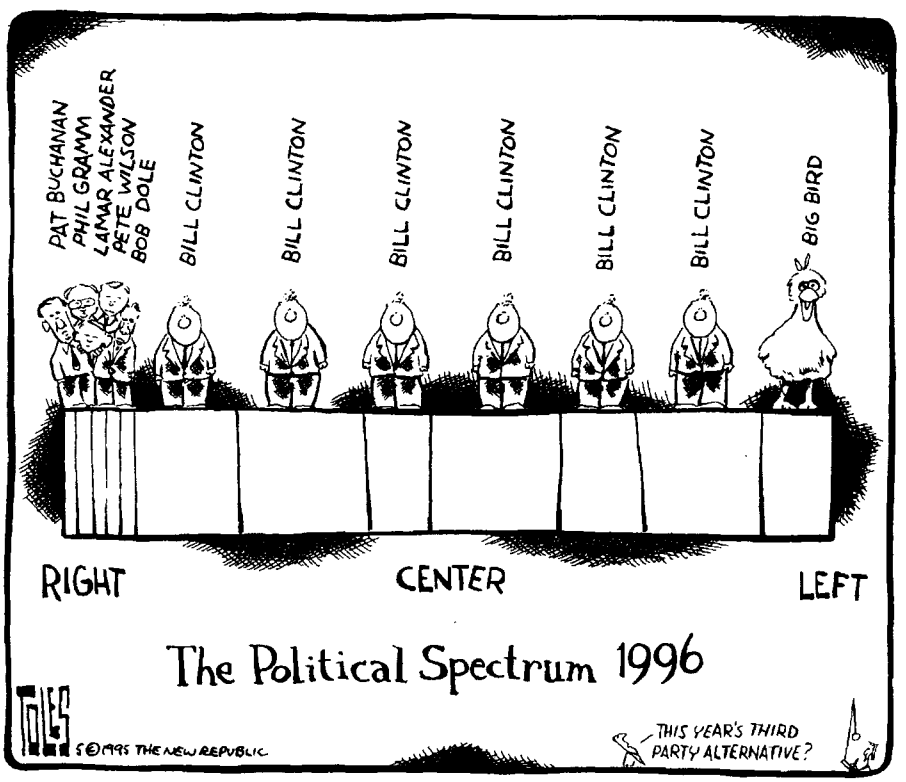
Michael Lind and Jacob Heilbrunn go some way toward answering the question. Both writers are, ironically, former employees of Kristol's foreign policy quarterly *The National Interest* (as well as frequent TNR contributors). Heilbrunn's article shows that Robertson has recited chapter and verse the works of the British anti-Semite Nesta H. Webster in his 1991 book *The New World Order*, while expunging the word "Jew" from the passages he lifted from Webster. Certainly the case of Robertson, as Lind points out, is far more than just a case of anti-Semitism, and one shouldn't focus exclusively on this while ignoring his arguments about the equality of women or of homosexuals. It remains true, though, that anti-Semitism is a key component of Robertson's worldview. The indifference to this reality exhibited by Kristol and *Commentary*—which has a long and complex affiliation with the American Jewish Committee—is a little bewildering. Maybe in this instance their passion is not about protecting Israel, an aim that, given that state's current relations with her neighbors, is not quite as urgent now as it was even a few years ago. (Pat Robertson, alas, may need Israel, but Israel doesn't need Robertson.) More likely, the passion of the Kristol crowd is about retaining a shred of political influence by providing intellectual cover for the kooky right.



SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED: Watching House Republicans squirm over Congressional term limits is a sheer pleasure. After the grand unveiling of the Contract with America on the Capitol steps last fall and the solemn campaign posturing that followed, Newt Gingrich is now, predictably, falling back on the fine print. It's no surprise he's having trouble mustering enough votes to pass the bill. The truth is, a lot of Republicans on the Hill—Gingrich chief among them—despise term limits and never intended to work seriously to enact them, contract or not. Instead of caving in to focus-group blather, Gingrich and company could have stood on principle and made the rational, persuasive case against term limits. Instead, they took the cynical route, jiggering the contract's wording so that it promised only a vote on the measure. Now, faced with mass Republican defections, Gingrich is lamely attempting to blame Democrats for killing the bill. "Given that almost 80 percent of the country wants term limits," he fumed to a meeting of the American Medical Association, "it ought to be possible to get half the Democrats to identify with the country that elects them." Trouble for Newt is, none of them put it in writing.

CONTRITION FOR WHAT?: "Jesse Jackson described the O.J. Simpson he saw over the weekend as nothing like the well-dressed, under-control man on television passing notes to his lawyers and grimacing at questions he does not like.... 'I can't help but contrast the O.J. I saw here today, full of contrition,' Mr. Jackson said on Sunday after a meeting in Mr. Simpson's jail cell. 'It's just a sense of sorrow. there's no sense of arrogance. There's a sense of contrition, a sense of sorrow.' "—Associated Press, March 27.

EXPERT OPINION:

Dirty-Air Cities Far Deadlier Than Clean Ones, Study Shows

—*The New York Times*, March 10.

Seminar links gangs to drug trade

—*Springfield Union-News*, March 21.

Most top jobs still held by white men, federal panel finds

—*The Chicago Tribune*, March 16.

(Thanks to Linda Perlstein of Washington D.C., Sheila McElwaine of Springfield, Massachusetts and Nancy Bishop, of Chicago, Illinois.)

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FAITH BEAT

FLOATING SAUCER

By Brad Gooch

The New York Mosque of the Islamic Cultural Center reflected the sunlight of a spring Friday off the vertical lines of its minaret, shimmering on overlapped layers of celadon-green glass forming the arch of its entrance. Set on a busy corner of 96th Street and Third Avenue in Manhattan, the mosque began to show signs of life around noon as worshipers arrived for *Jumu'ah*, the weekly prayer service of the Muslim sabbath. After its metal gates were opened, the sonorous chant of a call to prayer could be heard through the public address system of its single missile-like minaret.

The inside of the mosque, officially opened in September 1991 and designed by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, has the feel of an aquarium with a vast dome of distant sky hovering overhead. Green tones, associated in Islam with paradise and oases, are multiplied by the glass, the walls and the green marble of the floor. A *mihrab* of aquamarine layers of glass set in the front wall points in the direction of Mecca. White light blares mutely through windows decorated with ceramic fret. The only interruptions in this saucer of open space with no pews, altar or choir, are a large gold-framed clock set on a stand near the *mihrab* and a chair set in a vertical latticed box at the top of a flight of red-carpeted stairs. The effect is of a streamlined yet extremely peaceful flotation chamber.

As the men arrived for prayer that Friday, two weeks after the end of the month's fasting of Ramadan, they first put their shoes in racks at the rear or along the ledges of the windows. (The shock of leaving anything in such a free-for-all lump in New York City was perhaps the most startling gesture of the entire service.) The crowd, numbering nearly 1,000 by the time the service concluded at 1:30, seemed energetic and vital, fitting perhaps for the youngest and fastest-growing of the world's major religions. Young men turned their baseball caps backwards when they entered to conform with the embroidered prayer caps and pillbox hats of other worshipers. Well-dressed businessmen arrived in black, blue or tan suits. A few men wore white, blue or gold African robes. A mound of shoes began to surround those of us sitting cross-legged on the floor in the rear: Nike sneakers, Italian leather loafers, sandals. Many brought prayer beads of light wood or colored beads of glass or held small editions of the Koran in green and red embroidered with gold calligraphic lettering. As women hurried up a flight of stairs to the rear mezzanine, the crowd on the ground floor began to exude a fervent brotherhood, or male bonding, of the sort associated in the West with all-male sports teams, fraternities or monasteries. Singly, as they arrived, the men would begin their *rakatin*, choreographed cycles of prayer. Facing the front, they stood with hands cupped behind their earlobes, or crossed right over left on the chest, then knelt, then stood again, then prostrated their entire bodies with foreheads touching the floor, then stood again.

The service became focused when an imam of the Islamic Center, Muhammad Salem Agwa, climbed the stairs to deliver his *Khutbah*, or Friday address. In white robes trimmed in gold and a white prayer cap, he spoke first in Arabic, punctuating his themes by pointing with a finger toward the sky, slicing his arms up and down and extending his open palms outward. He then translated, explaining that all people are called to a special relationship with Allah that goes beyond what we know as love or friendship, that reading the Koran and praying are two ways to establish such a relationship, that there is no point in grieving for loss since all is ordained and that the meaning of life is not in serving one's own needs but in working for the larger nation of Islam.

The hour ended as the imam approached the *mihrab* to lead the congregation in *rakah*. "Shoulder to shoulder, shoulder to shoulder," shouted the usher in his turban. "Fill the gaps, fill the gaps." He created a wind of activity as he incited everyone to fall into ranks. At the moment of prostration every forehead was touching the floor, without any deviation or undisciplined looking around. Like the moment of consecration in the Catholic Mass, the communal prostration was the satisfaction of all that had gone before, the expression of complete submission and humility to Allah and of the equality of all people before Him. After the final prostration, many greeted each other in Arabic or English before retrieving their shoes. "Hello, brother," said a mustached, gray-haired man in a red padded jacket, wool pants and light blue socks who had been sitting next to me.

During the past hour, or perhaps during the past five minutes, the front courtyard and nearby sidewalks had been transformed into a haphazard simulation of a Middle Eastern bazaar. Many women stood with brown paper bags outstretched asking for money from those exiting the prayer hall. One held a clipping about Sarajevo, implying that she or her family had been victims of the war. A man handed me a leaflet from Best Deal Travel Inc. offering round-trip airfare to Saudi Arabia, including lodging in Mecca and Medina, for $2,200. The package also offered "Free stopover in Cairo, free gifts and more!"

Walking around the block to the rear entrance of the mosque, I met a young man in a tattered brown topcoat who held out his palm to ask for money. When I gave him a quarter, he rewarded me by pointing to a pigeon perched on a stone truss running part way up an angle of wall, the exterior marker of the *mihrab* within. "The bird is praying to Mecca, too," he informed me as gleefully as a godly man out of Attar's thirteenth-century collection of mystical tales, *The Conference of the Birds.*

BRAD GOOCH is a New York writer.

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The religious right vs. Republicans.

FAMILY FEUD

By Fred Barnes

When James Dobson met Senator Phil Gramm of Texas on March 21, he expected to be persuaded that Gramm was a Republican presidential candidate social conservatives could enthusiastically support. Yes, Gramm had dismayed Dobson and his allies with a wishy-washy defense of the anti-abortion position on "Meet the Press" nine days earlier. But Dobson, a Christian family counselor with a national organization (called Focus on the Family) and a daily radio show, was hopeful. His hopes died quickly. Asked if he'd speak out on issues such as family breakdown and moral decline, Gramm said he's a presidential contender, not a preacher. Talking about those things is Dobson's job, he said. Asked by Dobson's associate, Gary Bauer of the Family Research Council, if he had heard of the bully pulpit, Gramm said he was uncomfortable moralizing. After a few minutes, Dobson couldn't wait to leave.

This doesn't signify the outbreak of war between social conservatives—pro-lifers, the Christian right, the pro-family movement—and the Republican Party. But the blowup with Gramm is a preview of a fight that may be inevitable. Social conservatives, after producing so many voters for the GOP in 1994, feel slighted. Their issues, particularly abortion, are rarely addressed. And they've been relegated, as Dobson wrote to House Speaker Newt Gingrich, to "the back of the bus for too long." They're talking rebellion. "If [Republican leaders] think Ross Perot caused them indigestion, they haven't seen anything yet," says Bauer. "If they want to experience what it's like to have three parties—one a pro-life, pro-family party—we're prepared to accommodate them."

Threats like that are idle at this point. For one thing, while social conservatives are unhappy with Gramm, Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole and Republican National Chairman Haley Barbour, among others, they're delighted with House Speaker Newt Gingrich and Majority Leader Dick Armey. (Gingrich "understands coalition politics," says Bauer.) Also, the Christian Coalition, the largest organized chunk of social conservatives, has not joined the protest. Still, it's ominous for Republicans. Social conservatives are a critical part of their electorate. GOP pollster Fred Steeper contends their role was "woefully understated" in 1994. In a post-election memo he wrote, "cultural conservatism ... is the likely reason for the historical result on November 8, 1994."

The specific gripes of social conservatives are underwhelming. "Republicans owe their predominance in Washington to these zealous voters who put them in power," Dobson wrote Gingrich. "But as soon as the GOP assumed the reins of government, Governor Christine Todd Whitman [of New Jersey] was chosen as an official spokesperson for the party." Whitman, who delivered the party's T.V. response to President Clinton's State of the Union address, is pro-choice. Then there were loud objections by other Republicans when Gingrich proposed a vote on the school prayer amendment. And after Ralph Reed of the Christian Coalition insisted the GOP nominate pro-life presidential and vice-presidential candidates, Dole told *The Boston Globe*, "That's like saying you're not going to have anybody who is left-handed or right-handed"—a quip that angered some social conservatives. Later, Gramm's performance on "Meet the Press" proved irritating, as did the abandonment of a House amendment to curb federally funded abortions in cases of rape and incest.

Social conservatives also have a broader concern that the GOP is drifting away from them. Dobson puts much of the blame on Barbour. He and Barbour had an unpleasant meeting in Washington in February, after which Dobson wrote supporters that Barbour plans to change the party platform and "abandon the cause of the unborn child and ignore the moral issues that have defined the party for decades." Barbour, who calls himself "a pro-life evangelical Christian," denies this. Social conservatives also point to the GOP presidential contenders. "There isn't a first-tier presidential candidate who wants to espouse the pro-life position in an active way," says consultant Jeffrey Bell. "That's a big change."

A hero of social conservatives, William Bennett, has tried to mediate but has made little headway. Contrary to Dobson, Bennett believes the party is already dealing with important moral questions in welfare, crime and education legislation. Bennett's stature among social conservatives may soon drop for another reason. He has been circulating a draft of a new party position on abortion. It would declare the GOP to be "pro-life," but it would explicitly move away from the uncompromising anti-abortion language in the 1992 platform. Bennett's idea is to find a middle position between California Governor Pete Wilson's call for the party to be silent on the issue and the insistence on a pro-life constitutional amendment.

One beneficiary of all this may be former Governor Robert Casey of Pennsylvania. He's preparing to challenge President Clinton in the Democratic presidential primaries, but his real constituency is social conservatives in the Republican Party. When he addressed a Christian Coalition gathering last year, he was a far bigger hit than prominent Republican speakers. Casey needs GOP crossover votes, especially in the first contest of 1996, the Iowa caucuses, if he is to put a dent in Clinton's re-election drive. Casey called Bauer after word of discontent among social conservatives spread. "Keep your powder dry," Casey told him. "I'm going to be talk-

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ing about your issues." Bauer says, "Casey presents some interesting possibilities."

Notably to Gramm. For all the money he has raised, Gramm is not well organized on the ground in key states, especially Iowa. Given Dole's strength—he won the Iowa caucuses over George Bush in 1988—Gramm must woo the one unattached bloc there, social conservatives. He can't afford to lose them to Casey or to a second-tier Republican candidate such as Alan Keyes, an outspoken pro-lifer. But Gramm got off to a bad start, on "Meet the Press" by waffling on *Roe* v. *Wade* and barely differentiating himself from pro-choice Republicans. As president, Gramm said he would not seek a constitutional amendment banning abortion. He said he is pro-life "in my heart."

Despite this, the dissatisfaction of social conservatives with Gramm is a bit odd. His voting record is unswervingly pro-life. He quickly clarified his position on *Roe*. "I have consistently supported the Republican Party's platform and the goal of overturning *Roe* v. *Wade*," he wrote a Texas pro-lifer on March 15. He has pledged to filibuster the nomination for surgeon general of Henry Foster, a prime target of the anti-abortion movement. "He may be the only Republican presidential candidate in recent times whose wife is genuinely pro-life," says William Kristol, a Gramm sympathizer.

The only drawback is that Gramm dislikes talking about abortion or other moral issues publicly, something social conservatives require. A week after his clash with Dobson, Gramm addressed the Family Research Council, a Dobson affiliate. He didn't mention abortion in his speech, but he was peppered with questions on the subject. He grew defensive. He vowed not to engage in a "chest-thumping contest" on abortion with other presidential candidates. But to win the nomination, he may have to. •

KALININGRAD POSTCARD

HOMESICK

By Jacob Heilbrunn

Siegfried was excited. "German soldiers and the Waffen-S.S. were no worse than the American soldiers," the corpulent German proprietor of the Hotel Deima in Königsberg bellowed in my ear as we sat in his restaurant bar. "They blamed the Katyn Forest Massacre on us. But no German soldier could ever have done that—shooting people from behind in the neck." Placing a meaty paw on my hand, he confided, "We should have fought with you against the Russians in '45." I asked whether Jews had lived in Königsberg before 1945. Siegfried erupted. "Jews! Have you ever seen one that worked?" he demanded. "They just rub their hands and chatter all the time. When I was a child in the Hitler youth, anyone who answered with 'Good day' after I said 'Heil Hitler!' was for me the enemy."

Lording it over his Russian waiters in his little Valhalla, the 65-year-old Siegfried may have seemed like a self-parody of a Nazi. But catering to German tourists in search of their Königsberg youth has become a thriving business. Königsberg, which was the economic and cultural capital of East Prussia, is lodged between Poland and Lithuania. (East Prussia is half as big as Belgium and holds a population of 900,000.) The city was almost completely destroyed in 1945 and renamed Kaliningrad after one of Stalin's most brutal associates, Mikhail Kalinin. Of the 100,000 Germans who fled the advancing Red Army only 25,000 made it to the West. During the cold war Kaliningrad was strictly off-limits. It was even illegal for the locals to own maps, drawings or photographs that depicted the city before 1945.

Now that Russia has begun to open the borders to this enclave, Königsberg is back on the European map. Apart from German politicians and businessmen bent on restoring their old influence over the city in the guise of a free-trade zone, Kaliningrad has also become a favorite destination for a special species of German tourists. The phenomenon has even spawned a new German word: *Heimwehtourismus*, or homesick tourism. It doesn't take long, however, for the natives who fled the approaching Red Army in 1945 to realize that the golden city of their youth has become one of the most bizarre places in the former East bloc. To travel to the former East Prussian seaport is to witness the collision between the German and Soviet pasts and the Russian future.

The journey begins in Berlin. Since the Russians continue to restrict travel to what remains their most strategic military base in the West, the only way to get there is through the "Königsberg Express" travel agency in eastern Berlin. It offers a trip on Friday evenings to Kaliningrad in the former official East German Communist Party train. The journey is full of surprises. In the restaurant wagon, a pasty-faced businessman in his 40s begins to explain without prompting why he's traveling to Königsberg. It's less an explanation than a defense of his motives. "I'm accompanying my father for the last time," he says. "But actually I'm convinced a part of Königsberg will always remain German." Pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he crumples it up and then straightens it out: "It's wrinkled, but it remains a handkerchief." Should Königsberg become German again? I ask. "No, no," he protests in an injured tone, "but perhaps a kind of free-trade zone."

The city itself is full of nostalgia. As we're standing on the train platform, an elderly man begins to comfort his sobbing wife who cries out, "Here is where my father always picked me up!" There is nothing to indicate that

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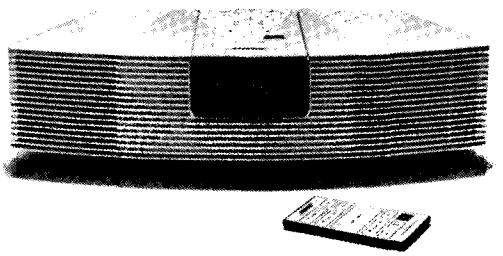

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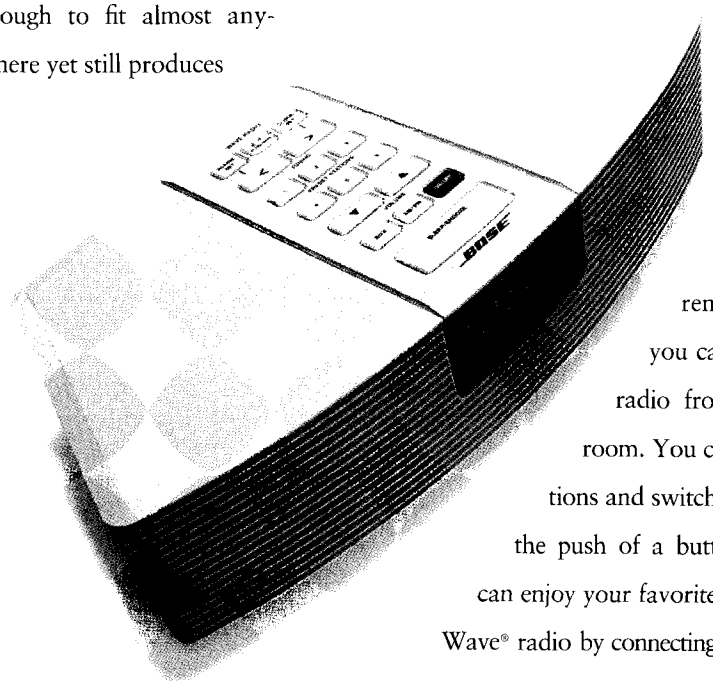

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the Soviet era has ended. The plinths supporting the Marx and Lenin statues on the Leninsky Prospekt, the city's main avenue, are strewn with flowers and other oblations from old worshipers. The locals are dressed a bit more colorfully than in the past, but there are almost no stores like the Benetton shops that dot Vilnius or Tallinn. The only commercial activity takes place on the streets, where babushkas hawk a few miserable carrots, potatoes or mushrooms.

The city's most striking characteristic, though, is its status as a military bastion. Six army divisions making up a total of 200,000 troops are now stationed in the enclave. There are six military airports and two tank training grounds. The port of Pillau is the most important strategic military port that Russia possesses in the West. Everywhere there are sailors strolling with their girlfriends and jeeps rumbling through the streets and MiGs whooshing by overhead. The only buildings under construction are new military barracks.

A tour of the beautiful countryside only throws the tragedy of the city into relief. Castles, railway stations and houses stand rotting, while lethargic and drunken peasants stumble about. The only sign of activity is among the refugees from various civil wars that Russia has deposited in Kaliningrad. In the shadow of a hulking eighteenth-century castle, refugees from Azerbaijan live in shacks. Clothed in rags, they sit by a fire whittling away on wood sticks, while their starving dogs beg for scraps of food. In all, Boris Yeltsin has dumped more than 5,000 refugees into Kaliningrad.

My taxi driver, Sergei, who eagerly points out each remaining piece of German culture, is tolerant of German tourists returning to take a stroll through the relics of the past: "This is their home. We Russians have no home to which we can return. We come from everywhere: Minsk, Moscow, Siberia, the Ukraine." But not many Russians think like Sergei. The trend is toward isolation. Last year the city council passed a law that forbids German signs to be more than one-third the size of Cyrillic ones, and the placards saying *Willkommen* have been removed from the train station. Yeltsin himself rejected Chancellor Helmut Kohl's request to establish a consulate in the city.

Kaliningrad poses a number of dangers for Eastern Europe. With its history, strategic location and ethnic minorities piled atop one another, it's an object of obsessive attention for the Russian national right. It was no accident that the national front opposing Yeltsin met to form its plans in October in the city. In the January 1993 elections a majority of the vote in Kaliningrad went to Vladimir Zhirinovski. What's more, Kaliningrad is completely dependent on Lithuania for oil and electricity. The Lithuanians refer to it as "little-Lithuania." The Russians still pour new troops into the region, alarming the Baltic states. A sense of futility hangs over the whole enterprise, however, as military vehicles buzz about the city like occupants of an overturned anthill.

Then there are figures like the prominent businessman Herwart Schmid, who wants to privatize the region. The native of Königsberg epitomizes the classic image of the German capitalist: sitting behind his desk in Estonia, he waves a cigar through the air while his suspenders pull his black trousers past his belly button and declares that he could turn the place around in five years—"given the proper parameters." Only half-joking, he concludes, "Give me a million Volga-Germans and I'll have it done in no time."

JACOB HEILBRUNN is a University Fellow at the Center for German and European Studies.

Meet Alan Keyes, GOP hopeful.

ODD MAN IN

By Andy Lamey

"Let me tell you why I think he's not a long shot," says Alan Keyes's campaign director, George Uribe, happily spinning his candidate's chance of winning the Republican nomination for president. "We're going grass roots, nationwide. Grass roots. I believe this will be one of the greatest coalitions in American history." Keyes's message makes Ralph Reed seem morally wishy-washy. "We appreciated what he had to say because he had the strongest pro-life message," says Paul Hetrick of Focus on the Family, a Colorado-based Christian radio show that broadcast Keyes's first major presidential speech in February. "We were just inundated by the audience for a repeat." Says Paige Cunningham, Americans United for Life president, "I would call 'Lincolnesque' what Alan Keyes is doing. The response from people who have heard him is 'At last, someone is speaking for us. He's not a politician. He's a moral leader.' ".

"He has a grand vision of America and his role in it," says William Kristol of the Project for a Republican Future, who managed Keyes's 1988 campaign for Senate in Maryland and who has known Keyes since they roomed together while doing graduate work at Harvard. "I don't know that he was the best interpreter of Aristotle or Hobbes," Kristol recalls of Keyes the grad student, "but he always had a flair for the dramatic that made him stand out." In 1995 what makes Keyes stand out is his uncompromising opposition to abortion, his Catholicism, his sole focus on America's moral decline and, of course, his race. When Keyes formally declared his candidacy on March 26, he became the first African American Republican to run for president—in the twentieth century, at least. ("We are doing a search," says Scott Hogenson of the Republican National Committee when asked if a black Republican has ever run before. "We don't know.")

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PROGRESS REPORT

MARCH 1995

"IN A FEW YEARS, I'LL POINT TO THE SPACE STATION IN ORBIT. AND I'LL TELL MY GRANDKIDS THAT I HELPED PUT IT UP THERE."

"The Space Station means a lot to me. After all, my grandchildren mean a lot to me. And what scientists learn from experiments aboard the Station will ultimately affect the lives of my grandkids, as well as millions of people around the world. Most of the Space Station's experiments will be housed in the composite racks we're building right here. I'm proud of that."

Houston, Texas
NASA and the Russian Space Agency have formally agreed to Lockheed's purchase of a Russian-built guidance, navigation, and propulsion module called a Functional Energy Block. The module will be launched in November 1997 as the first element of the international Space Station.

Huntsville, Alabama
Boeing has delivered the first three common hardware items to the international Space Station partners. The items, the Common Berthing Mechanism simulator and two test articles, will allow pressure testing of the Japanese Experiment Module.

Huntington Beach, California
A software specifications review has been successfully completed at McDonnell Douglas. The review evaluated specs for the Guidance, Navigation and Control System, the Thermal Control System, and articulation of rotary joints.

BOEING

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The less noted aspect of Keyes's story is how a graduate student follower of the esoteric writings of the late political philosopher Leo Strauss turned into a talk radio host and populist insurgent. Keyes resolves the conflict this way: "I was a Straussian, and the only reason I wouldn't describe myself as a Straussian now is that to be a Straussian you have to be doing serious academic work. And I'm not." In citing Strauss as a mentor—he credits Allan Bloom with having "a fundamental influence on all my work"—Keyes is in good Washington company. Aside from Kristol, others including William Bennett, Francis Fukuyama and even Clarence Thomas have been tagged with the Straussian label. At least part of that label implies a serious commitment to a close reading of premodern philosophical texts, a spurning of demagogic vulgarity and a tempered appreciation of conservative, constitutional government. Strauss, Bloom wrote, "was dedicated to intransigent seriousness as opposed to popularization."

"They call me Doctor Dream and the doctor is in!" Keyes calls over the air from WCBM Radio in Baltimore, where he hosts "America's Wake-Up Call: The Alan Keyes Show," every weekday from 9:00 to noon. The show is something of a shift in Keyes's post-Harvard career, which has included a stint as ambassador to the United Nations Economic and Social Council from 1983 to 1985, assistant secretary of state for international organizations for two years after that, president of Citizens Against Government Waste from 1989 to 1991 and a year as Interim President of Alabama A&M university ending in 1992. In between, Keyes made two bids for the U.S. Senate in Maryland, in 1988 and 1992, losing first to Paul Sarbanes and then to Barbara Mikulski.

"A talk show puts you in touch with people of all points of view," Keyes says in explaining the appeal of his most recent job. But on the last broadcast before Keyes declares his candidacy, right-wing callers have a monopoly. Keyes's style—listen to the anger, then echo it articulately—perhaps is not what Socrates had in mind. Maria is thanked for her "heads up" about school lunch programs. ("These children, they throw away their food! When I was growing up, kids couldn't afford ice cream. These kids throw away their lunch and go and get ice cream!") Keyes reassures Steve that homosexuality is un-Christian; "I was called a bigot for holding that view!" Steve complains. "You are the only fearless person on the political landscape. I call you Doctor Freedom," Nancy coos.

Still, for such a grass-roots campaigner, it's a little odd that there's no one on Keyes's campaign who also worked on his 1992 Senate bid. Keyes is hopeful that "once we get to Maryland we'll see some of the old faces come around." That might not happen. "He's doing *what?*" says Susan Saum-Wicklein, Keyes's 1992 campaign manager, when told of his presidential run. "Absolutely not," says Ed Goetz, Keyes's 1992 pollster, when asked if he'll support Keyes this time around. "There are much, much better candidates." Sylvia Pearson, whose computer firm L&E Systems was hired to do some of Keyes's direct mail fund-raising, says it is "very safe to say" she won't be a supporter. It is also hard to find grass-roots support for Keyes in Maryland, either among Republicans—"I don't see this campaign as a Maryland-based campaign," says Maryland Republican Party Chair Joyce Lyons Terhes—or among black leaders—"He has no role. Alan Keyes is unknown," says Baltimore City NAACP Executive Director George Vuntin.

"When he decided to use campaign funds for his salary, that discouraged a lot of Republicans, and even Maryland voters," Terhes explains, offering one reason for Keyes's lack of support in Maryland. His most recent Senate bid never recovered from the revelation that he was paying himself a senator's salary of $8,500 a month from campaign funds. Today, Keyes defends his perfectly legal decision: "That money was for working eight to twelve hour days ... it was not a welfare check." But according to Terhes, "Philosophically, people did not understand it. If he had sent out in his campaign literature, 'O.K., I'm going to have to do this,' that would have been one thing. But he didn't." "Frankly, it was something we differed over," says Goetz. There was a meeting of campaign staff in which Keyes was advised to stop, Goetz recalls, but "he chose to continue taking the money." Goetz says his only question when he learned that Keyes was running for president was, "Is he now taking a presidential salary?" Keyes himself says, "I don't think it will be necessary this time 'round."

Money was also the source of another problem during the 1992 campaign. "Hey Stuart," Goetz calls away from the phone when the subject is brought up. "Did we have to write off Alan Keyes?" "Damn right we did," comes his comptroller's response. According to FEC documents, Keyes finished his Senate run $44,500 dollars in debt. "All of that debt will be paid off. It's something the campaign will take care of," Keyes says today. But according to Keyes's 1992 campaign creditors and staff, after the election Keyes ceased communications with the businesses to whom he owed money. "No," says Pearson when asked if Keyes even called her firm to discuss his $7,000 debt. "We're a small company," she says. "We're not in a position to absorb a debt of that nature. I wouldn't exaggerate that." Keyes's take? "I personally do not owe the debt that was owed by the campaign."

"I don't know how anyone runs for president," says Susan Saum-Wicklein. After the Senate race, she came to realize she "does not enjoy politics beyond a local level." While she still admires Keyes, she found the Senate race "grueling." "I was frustrated by the size, the dynamics and the intricacies of that type of political process. How do you get to who, etc. etc. That type of campaign embodies what's wrong with politics. It was about who had the best soundbite." Nevertheless, if her experience as a grass-roots Keyes supporter is any indication, Keyes's pro-family rhetoric has some follow-through. Did she learn anything from the campaign? "I learned," she replies wearily, "that I wanted to spend more time with my family." •

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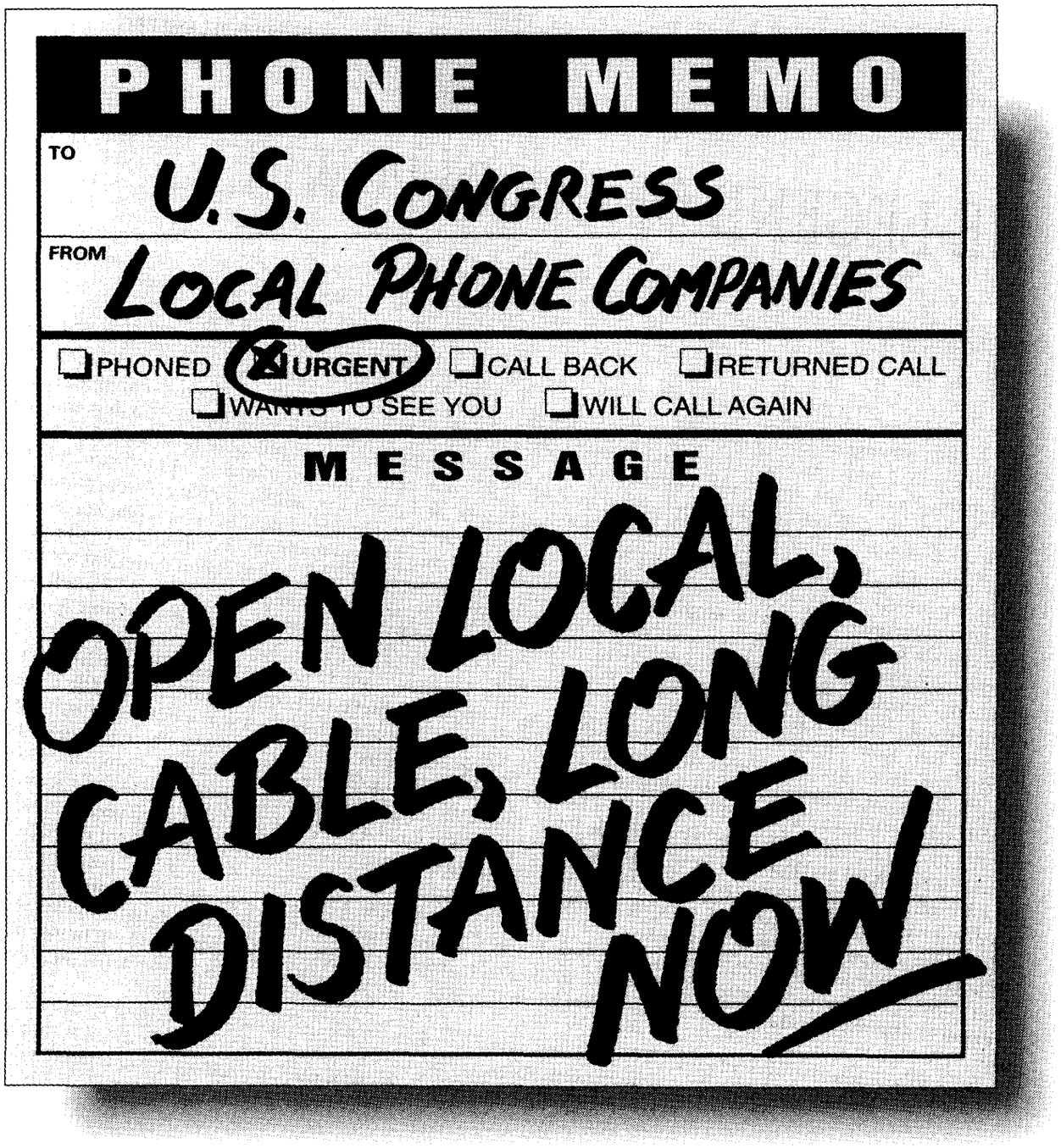

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Anatomy of an establishment career.

THE LEGEND OF COLIN POWELL

By Charles Lane

I.

On the morning of March 16, 1968, soldiers from the U.S. Army's Americal Division entered the hamlet of My Lai 4 in South Vietnam. On the orders of Lt. William Calley, they tortured and murdered hundreds of helpless civilians. They raped the women and girls. It was the moral and professional nadir of the post-World War II U.S. Army. To compound the shame, the Americal's top-ranking officers covered up the crimes. Only after a conscientious young soldier named Ron Ridenhour detailed the massacre in a letter to his congressman did the Army investigate, eventually setting loose a torrent of public outrage.

Before Ron Ridenhour, though, there was Specialist Fourth Class Tom Glen, a member of a mortar platoon in the Fourth Battalion, Third Infantry, of the 11th Light Infantry Brigade. The 11th was Calley's brigade, too; the grunts called it "The Butcher Brigade." In the days following My Lai, Glen had heard the talk among the enlisted men about a massacre. He knew it was just an extreme instance of all-too-routine violence by Americal soldiers against Vietnamese civilians.

Shortly before going home in late November, 1968, Glen revealed his misgivings in a letter to Gen. Creighton Abrams, commander of all U.S. forces in Vietnam. The letter did not mention a massacre, but it spoke vividly of murder and torture of civilians and prisoners. How could the Army win hearts and minds, Glen asked, when Vietnamese had learned to flee American units who "for mere pleasure, fire indiscriminately into Vietnamese homes and without provocation or justification shoot at the people themselves"? Such acts, Glen charged, "are carried on at entire unit levels and thereby acquire the aspect of sanctioned policy."

By December 9, 1968, Glen's letter had worked its way through Army channels to Maj. Colin Luther Powell, deputy assistant chief of staff for operations, G-3, at Americal Division headquarters in Chu Lai. (Powell, who arrived in Vietnam in June, about ten weeks after My Lai, had no involvement in the massacre.) The Americal's adjutant general ordered Powell to check it out and report within three days with a suggested reply to Glen.

Powell's December 13, 1968, memo to the adjutant general blamed Glen. He had not come forward earlier, Powell complained, nor had he given specifics upon which to base an inquiry—though Powell did not ask Glen personally for more information. Instead, Powell seems to have relied on Glen's commander, who claimed (falsely, Glen told me) that Glen was a rear-guard type who could not have witnessed the capture of enemy prisoners, much less their torture. Powell affirmed the young soldier's charges were false, except, possibly, for "isolated instances"; abuses were not tolerated, but punished. "In direct refutation of this portrayal is the fact that relations between Americal soldiers and the Vietnamese people are excellent," Powell wrote. A general from the Americal sent a letter to Glen echoing Powell's talking points. And that was that.

Today, Tom Glen lives in small-town Indiana. Colin Powell, who retired on September 30, 1993 as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is a national icon. His policy influence is still great, having been felt most recently in his support for the ill-fated nomination of Gen. Michael Carns as director of central intelligence. And, of course, Powell is touted as a 1996 presidential or vice-presidential candidate. He would be a formidable contender: smart, charismatic, a gifted speaker. He is self-confident, yet loyal to superiors and solicitous of subordinates. He seems refreshingly unaffected by the burdens of power. When Powell stood before us during the Gulf war and bid us "trust me, trust me," everything about his bearing told us we should.

It is hard to imagine that a Powell White House would be a bureaucratic free-for-all like Bill Clinton's. He is at home within the labyrinth of government: a detail man, crisp at running a meeting. As David Roth, his authorized biographer and former aide, writes: "Powell has never felt a need to rebel or to assert his own desires apart from others around him. Every choice he makes is taken with an awareness of those others made before him. Each is made with an interest in the effects it will have on others."

He is perhaps the most powerful black public official in American history, and probably the only black American who has ever had so much power over so many white subordinates. His advice to young people, especially young blacks, is in tune with the times: stay in school, don't do drugs, work hard. His own rise from a Harlem birthplace to the corridors of government power seems to validate the message. Yet he transcends race: even as he addresses many blacks' skepticism about the American Dream, many whites find Powell a

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reassuring symbol of the American meritocracy.

There is something missing, however, from the legend of Colin Powell. Something epitomized, perhaps, by that long-ago bureaucratic brush-off of Tom Glen. Something hinted at in Roth's description of Powell as unrebellious—even though his career has encompassed some of the most turbulent times and divisive debates of the century. Powell often disagreed with the Army or the government, or with the direction of the country. But he rarely spoke out. Rather, he made a point of keeping his head down and doing his job. "Issues come and go," he once told *The Washington Post.* "Process is always important."

It's an extraordinary remark considering the context of his career. Powell came of age at the dawn of the civil rights movement, agreed with its goals, witnessed some of its most violent days firsthand and benefited from its achievements—yet did not participate himself. In Vietnam, he held a senior position in a troubled division—yet did little to correct or even acknowledge the worst abuses. As a White House Fellow, he had a ringside seat at the Nixon presidency in the early days of what we now know was the Watergate cover-up—yet one lesson he took from this "defining experience," he has said, was the importance of public relations and media-control.

As military assistant to President Reagan's Secretary of Defense, Caspar Weinberger, Powell opposed the secret arms-for-hostages deal with Iran—yet he followed orders and even facilitated the trade, keeping Congress in the dark. As chairman of the Joint Chiefs, he subtly opposed the Bush administration's plans to wage a war against Iraq, airing his direct concerns to a British military colleague and fretting "on background" with journalist Bob Woodward. He ran the military at the end of the cold war, yet he hesitated to reconfigure the armed forces for a new world.

Leaders must, of course, be capable of discretion and conciliation. But there are times when they shouldn't go along to preserve consensus, or the appearance of consensus. There are times when, if the establishment is wrong, they should try to hold it accountable. This is the quality that is largely absent from the story of Powell's rise to the top. Indeed, if Powell had possessed too much of it, there might never have been a rise to the top.

As the presidential speculation continues, pundits scour Powell's record for any evidence of his long-suppressed ideological leanings, any clues to where he might stand on divisive issues such as abortion and welfare. But perhaps the answer to this mystery, like Poe's purloined letter, is hidden in plain sight. Perhaps the story of Colin Powell is to be found in the stands he didn't take.

II.

The period between the January 31, 1968, Tet Offensive and Powell's return to the United States in September 1969 was the most traumatic of the war. Of the 57,000 Americans killed in Vietnam, nearly half died in those twenty months. Powell's own Americal Division, assembled from three ill-trained brigades in late 1967 by an Army desperate for more warm bodies, was in chronic disarray. The Americal "had the feel, from the time you arrived to the time you left, of disorganization ... a kind of aimlessness," recalls Tim O'Brien, an Americal veteran from Powell's time whose Vietnam novel, *Going after Cacciato,* won the National Book Award.

Quang Ngai province, the Americal Division's assigned area of operations, overwhelmingly supported the Viet Cong. Most U.S. casualties came from mines and booby traps hidden among, and even by, the people. "You never seemed to know what the enemy was, who was the enemy, what we were supposed to be doing," O'Brien recalls. As a result, civilians got "hammered," he says, which just generated more support for the communists. Typical of the fighting was Operation Vernon Lake, a minor four-month action that Powell helped plan and for which he was decorated. Twenty-three Americans died, according to records in the National Archives, but Americal troops duly reported killing twenty times that number of communist troops—a "success." Alas, there were also 104 dead "INCIVs" ("innocent civilians"). Anyway, the implied distinction between "V.C." and "INCIV" was dubious. Body counts were routinely fabricated, frequently by counting civilians as "V.C." Even My Lai was initially reported as a victory in the pages of *Stars and Stripes,* with a body count of 128 V.C. killed.

Powell, too, felt a growing sense that the killing and dying had lost its purpose, as he later told James Kitfield, who interviewed Powell for *Prodigal Soldiers,* a book about the Vietnam generation of professional soldiers. However, neither Powell nor anyone else in a position of responsibility resigned or cried out in protest. Every career officer wanted to get his ticket punched, and the Americal was as good a place as any to do it. So they took their promotions and pocketed their medals. Powell got one for the genuinely altruistic deed of carrying his wounded commanding officer from the wreck of a crashed helicopter. But medals were often awarded on the basis of phony body counts or exaggerated reports from "raters" higher up. The Army's credo was "Duty, Honor, Country"; but its unstated code was "Don't rock the boat." As one major told a secret 1970 Army survey on "professionalism": "Officers and battalion commanders distort reports to either justify their existence or perpetuate their own careers.... The system forces unethical reporting and practices, and punishes variation."

This is the context for evaluating what a young major in Powell's position might have done upon receiving young Spec. 4 Glen's *cri de coeur.* The charges in Glen's letter, first reported by British journalist Michael Bilton, were broad but came from a soldier of manifest moral passion and frontline experience. His critique was meant as a wake-up call to an Army whose legitimate objectives were in jeopardy. Of course, there was a war on, and as deputy G-3 in the largest division in the Army, Powell had much else on his mind. He had no formal duty or authority to get to the bottom of the

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To qualify for this exhibition, each

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Michael Lucero
Anthropomorphic Jug Form
with Leaping Frog, 1994

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artist was required to break something.

Wendell Castle
An Anxious Object #2, 1992

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Your concept of American craft is about to be reshaped. What you see here is just a sample of the most adventurous artists of the late 20th century. In truth, wood, glass, metal, fiber and clay have never been stretched quite this far—much like the artists themselves. These eight men and nine women, emerging from artistically diverse backgrounds, aren't afraid to cross cultural boundaries. Or disregard traditional Modernist "rules." Pioneers in every sense, their expressions comprise one of the most eye-opening craft exhibitions ever presented. If you're expecting the usual, you're invited to a welcome break. For more information call 212-956-3535.

Portland Art Museum, Portland, Oregon February 6-April 16, 1995
Madison Art Center, Madison, Wisconsin May 20-August 6, 1995
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American Craft Museum, New York, NY June 27-October 13, 1996
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matter. Since most of his own visits to combat zones took place by helicopter, with commanders or VIPs, he may never have seen anything like what Glen described. It may have seemed inconceivable that G.I.s would do such things, much less kill whole villages in cold blood. And of course, a real investigation of Glen's charges could have caused a scandal, and that could have meant trouble for every officer in the division. Probably, most officers would have written just what Powell did; he may even sincerely have believed it.

But was it the right thing to do? If Powell had been morally engaged by Glen's letter and taken it upon himself to seek and report the truth, the trail might have led all the way to My Lai. Glen's battalion included a company that had gone along with Calley's on March 16, 1968, and committed a separate massacre of ninety people at My Khe, for which no one was ever punished. Besides, Powell's assessment of the overall situation was naïve at best. Relations between Americal G.I.s and Vietnamese civilians were far from "excellent." Speaking to journalist Howard Means twenty-five years later, Powell himself admitted as much. In terms that seemed to apportion almost as much blame to the inhabitants of My Lai as to the troops who killed them, he described the massacre as the tragic but understandable act of troops stuck in "Indian country." "I don't mean to be ethnically or politically unconscious," Powell said, "but it was awful. There was nothing but V.C. in there. When you went in there, you were fighting everybody."

Powell, through a spokesman, declined to be interviewed for this article. His spokesman also declined to relay any comment when sent a copy of the Tom Glen letter, having first told me that Powell did not recall the episode. When the matter of My Lai has come up before, Powell generally has presented himself as having been unaware that a horrible massacre had occurred or was being investigated—yet nonetheless slightly helpful in uncovering it.

In his interview with Means, Powell recalls that a year after the massacre men from the Army Inspector General's office visited the Americal headquarters. (On April 13 and 14, 1969, Col. Howard K. Whitaker, the deputy I.G. for the U.S. Army in Vietnam, did visit the Americal, on orders from an Army headquarters in Washington reacting to Ridenhour's still-secret letter.) Powell searched the division's daily logs at their request for "anything that looked like an unusual incident or a major contact with a large loss of life." He asked why, but they refused to say. Powell found an entry containing a very high body count in the My Lai area and read it into the I.G.'s tape recorder. "Clearly there was a major investigation going on," he told Means. Not until the story broke in November 1969, however, did Powell put two and two together.

This would absolve Powell for the glaring failure of the whole Americal chain of command to launch an all-out investigation either before, or after, this time. But it doesn't quite square with the Legion of Merit medal citation he received hailing his ability to "grasp and analyze problems of grave and far-reaching consequence" and "to render flawless decisions."

Powell's story is defensive, as if he wishes now that he could boast of having done more to ferret out the awful secret. Roth, on Powell's behalf, explains that "in a war that settled for the body count as a surrogate for clear, achievable objectives, it looked on paper as though some of the 11th Brigade's troops had accomplished something heroic and laudable." But surely Powell didn't think there would be a major investigation of "something heroic and laudable"—especially given what he had read in Glen's letter, and given that the My Lai "victory," with its huge body count, was publicized in the August 1, 1968, edition of *Southern Cross*, the Americal Division newspaper, alongside an account of the exploits of what was then Powell's own battalion in the 11th Brigade.

Powell conveys the impression that the high body count he "found" helped crack the case. But Whitaker's own April 17, 1969, report, on file in the National Archives, says that he left the Americal certain that Ron Ridenhour's charges of a massacre at My Lai were "grossly exaggerated." According to his later sworn testimony, also at the archives, he had thought the reported toll of 128 was too *low* to support such allegations.

In short, the cover-up was still working, and would have kept on working if not for Col. William Wilson of the Army I.G.'s office in Washington. Stirred by Ridenhour's letter, he tracked down the witnesses, all of whom had returned to the United States and none of whom Whitaker had been able to locate in Chu Lai. It was Wilson and Ridenhour, and the few others who blew the whistle, who best served the Army and the country as a whole—not those officers who kept their mouths shut.

III.

Washington was overrun in the fall of 1969 by convulsive antiwar demonstrations. Returning to this tableau of protest, Powell felt, according to Woodward, "rejection and inferiority." My Lai hit the press, complete with a *Life* magazine photo spread of butchered women and children, and "baby-killer" was added to the epithets already being heaped on the soldiers. Many officers responded by quietly resigning their commissions. Others went over to the side of protest.

Powell, for his part, emerged not only still committed to the Army but with new opportunities in Washington. According to the oft-rehearsed account, his two Army-paid years at George Washington University led to a short return to the Army's Pentagon staff in 1971 and then a White House Fellowship in 1972. As special assistant in Richard Nixon's Office of Management and Budget, Powell impressed Caspar Weinberger, Frank Carlucci and Fred Malek, who became his mentors and helped him rise to a series of top Pentagon and White House jobs, culminating in national security adviser in 1987.

Absolving the Army for the crisis swirling around him, Powell retreated into the bosom of the institution.

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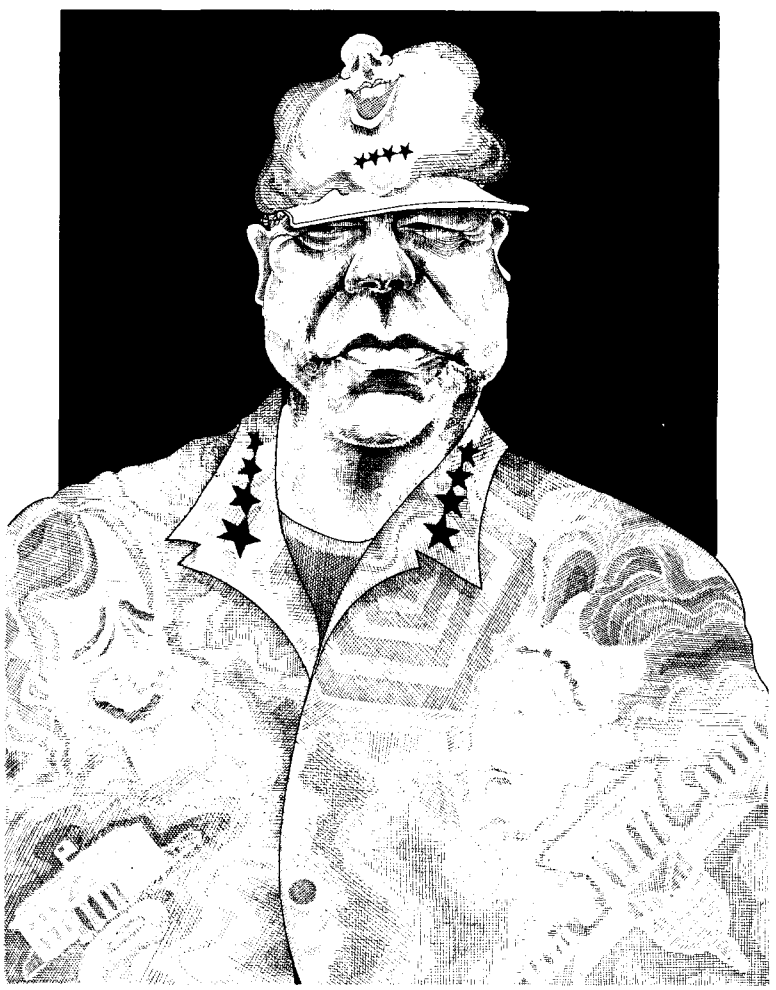
"More and more," Kitfield writes, "Powell found himself turning away from society and toward family and friends in uniform." Even in private, he steered clear of controversy. He and poker buddies "seldom discussed politics," according to Roth. He kept a discreet silence during a raucous White House Fellows session with Gloria Steinem. He seems not to have wrestled with Watergate at all. Though Powell let it be known in 1988 that he disapproved of the Willie Horton commercial and in 1992 that he disliked the right-wing tone of the Republican convention, Nixon's similar appeal to "the Silent Majority" did not evoke such a response from him in 1972.

In the empathetic company of conservative civilians and other young military officers, Powell assimilated a rationalization of the wrenching defeat in Vietnam. To Powell, Roth writes, "Vietnam was a politicians' war, not a soldier's war." It wasn't just the politicians who had betrayed the troops. A biased, moralizing media painted soldiers as "baby-killers," not patriots. Egghead national security experts never really intended to win. Permissive elites tolerated cultural movements that undermined the country's martial strength.



COLIN POWELL BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

To this day, Powell's son Michael told Roth, Powell "has a quiet disdain for the way the political game is played and for what politics produces." To journalist Rick Atkinson, Powell derided the State Department as "the warriors on C Street." In a 1992 *New York Times* op-ed, Powell replied to the paper's editorial chiding him for blocking intervention in Bosnia, sneering: "We have learned the proper lessons of history, even if some journalists have not."

The belief that the disgrace in Vietnam was a result of the failure of civilian institutions—specifically, the failure to provide the Army with a clear political goal—became a central "lesson" of the conflict for Powell and his cohorts. To their credit, however, Powell and his fellow Vietnam-generation officers channeled much of their energy into a long, creative effort to convert the "lessons" of Vietnam into new weapons and doctrine. At the Army's War College, they rediscovered Clausewitz and his admonition that "war is nothing but the extension of politics by other means." Refracting this dictum through the basic "lesson" of Vietnam—that the media-saturated nation would not stomach prolonged conflicts—they emphasized the importance of clear political goals and of being trained to fight and win quick, all-out victories. The Army refocused its attention on the main arena of cold war conflict: Europe. Unlike Vietnam, this would be "real" war. It would pit the armies of two great powers for control of discrete strategic territory. The Army's new doctrine, AirLand Battle, rejected attrition in favor of maneuver and called for deep strikes into the Soviet strategic rear with high-technology weapons.

Determined never to let themselves be drawn again into a "politicians' war," Army officers themselves placed new emphasis on learning the rules of the game in Washington, and playing it well. Powell was the prototype of such a "political general." Installed at Carlucci's behest as Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger's military assistant in 1983, he helped persuade Congress to fund the Army's new programs for training and weapons. After Beirut and Grenada, he helped supervise the drafting of Weinberger's November 1984 speech that listed six conditions for committing U.S. forces abroad. It encapsulated the Army's post-Vietnam thinking about when and where to get involved, citing "clearly defined military and political objectives" and "clear intention of winning."

The 1986 Goldwater-Nichols Act, drafted with help from military officers on the Joint Staff, made the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff "principal military adviser" to the president. This overhaul enhanced the military's input into political decisions not only in the conduct of war but also in weapons procurement and budgetary matters. No one was to wield this new power more adroitly than Powell himself.

By the end of the Reagan administration, the Army and its fellow services had been rebuilt in accordance

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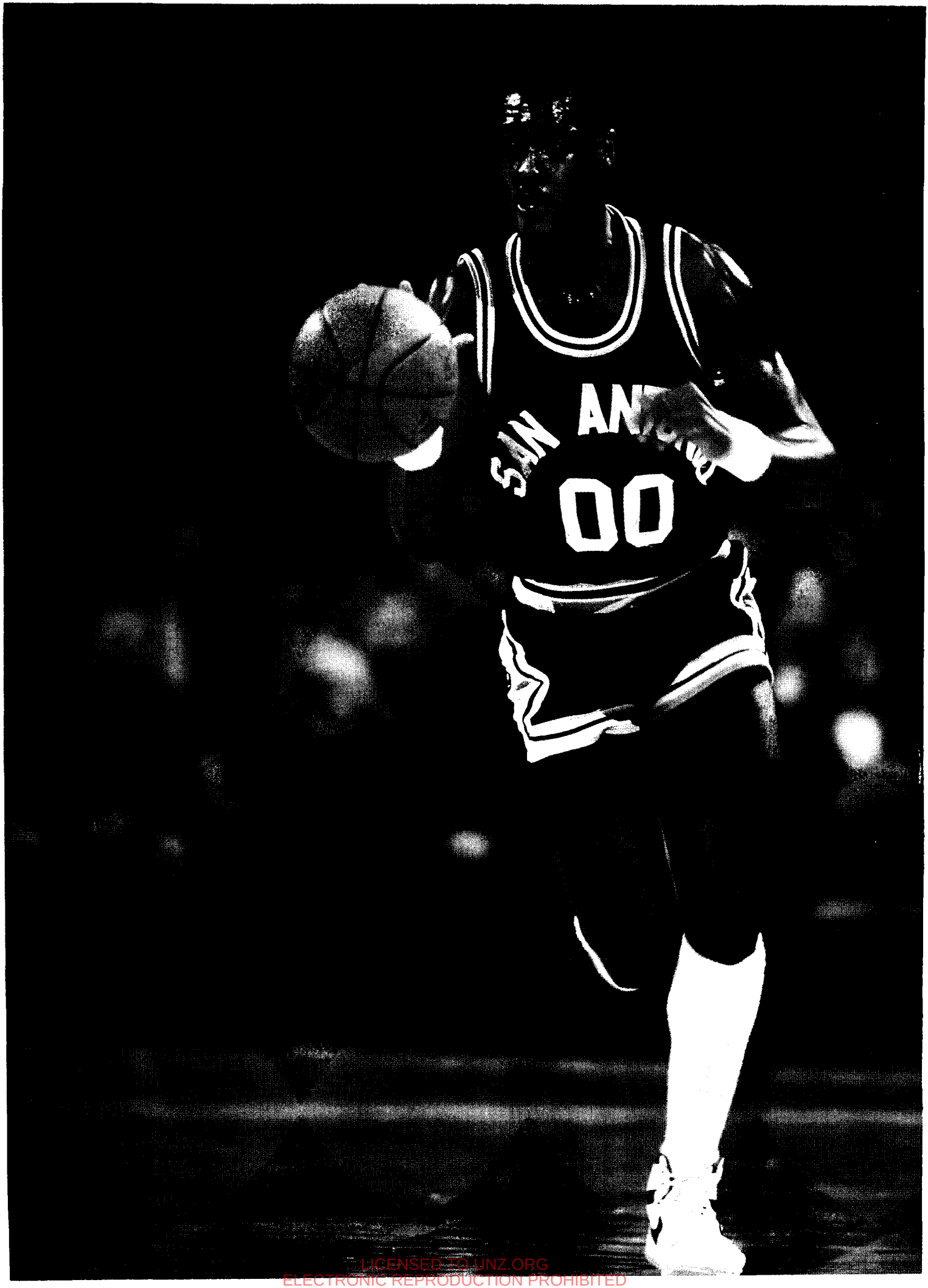

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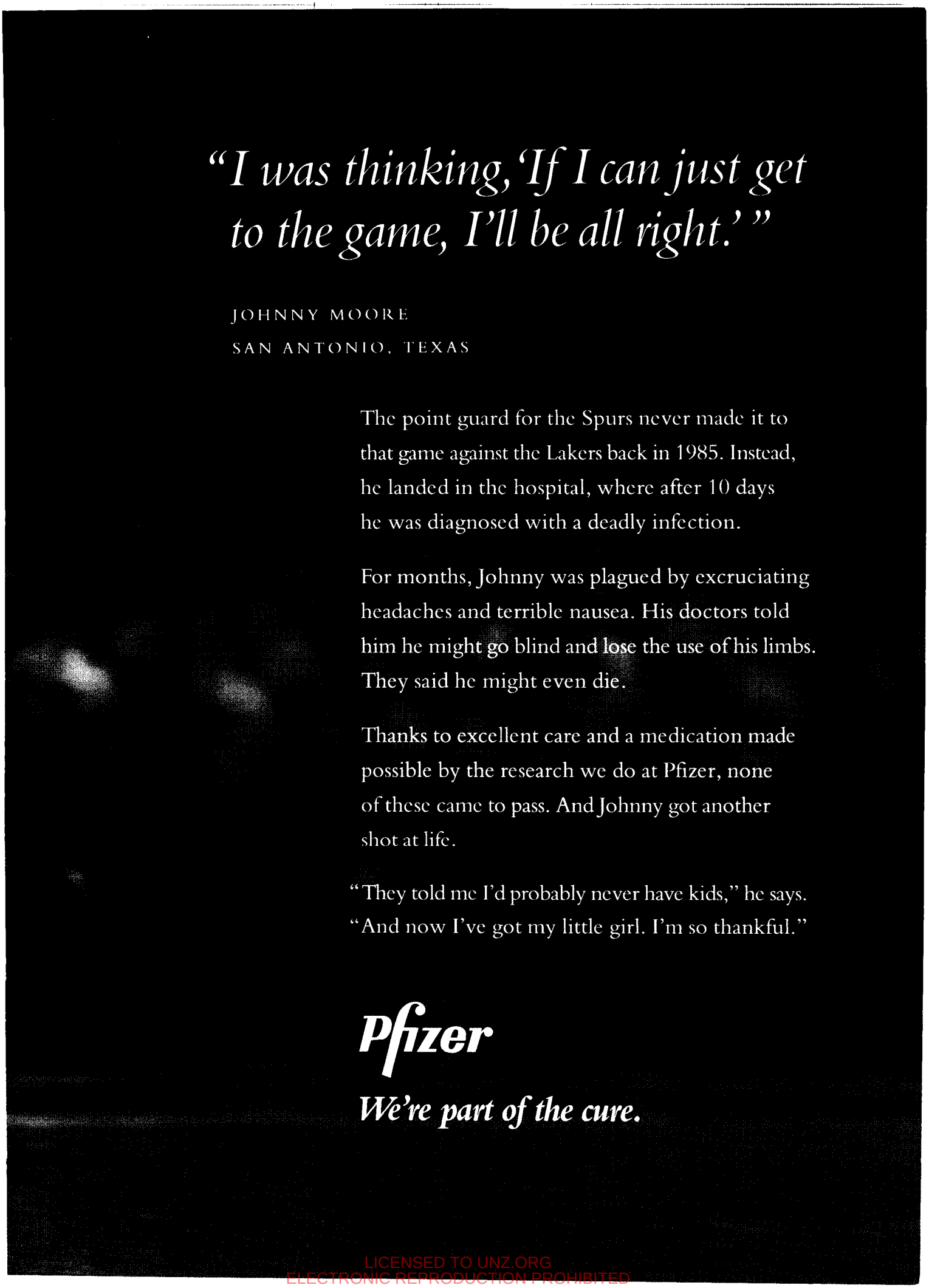
"I was thinking, 'If I can just get to the game, I'll be all right.'"
JOHNNY MOORE
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
The point guard for the Spurs never made it to that game against the Lakers back in 1985. Instead, he landed in the hospital, where after 10 days he was diagnosed with a deadly infection.
For months, Johnny was plagued by excruciating headaches and terrible nausea. His doctors told him he might go blind and lose the use of his limbs. They said he might even die.
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"They told me I'd probably never have kids," he says. "And now I've got my little girl. I'm so thankful."
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with the axioms developed by the Vietnam generation of officers. Thanks in part to Colin Powell, the armed forces were more popular, more ready to fight—and more nearly autonomous—than they had been since before Vietnam. Ironically, the end of the draft, which Powell and other Vietnam returnees feared, helped reinforce a self-selected military subculture, with its own elán and protective ethos. Grenada and Libya, for all their flaws, were successful test runs for new equipment and doctrine. And it was all put to victorious use in Panama and Desert Storm.

For Powell and his generation of officers, victory meant sweet restoration of the Army's legitimacy. Once again, the institution was seen by the public as it wished to be seen: a harmonious, winning family, unsullied by Vietnam. It was a time to bury bitter memories, even, perhaps, to rewrite history. "The parades and celebrations are not needed to restore our honor as Vietnam veterans, because we never lost our honor," Powell said in an emotional Memorial Day speech in 1991 at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. "They're not to clear up the matter of our valor, because our valor was never in question."

IV.

Colin Powell does not lack for ethnic pride. He helped restore America's forgotten black Army units to their place in military history. He mentored promising black military personnel. In recent years, he has spoken of his strong "identification" with Martin Luther King's movement, and of feeling "stunned, disheartened and angry" in 1963 at the "open fight" over segregation raging in the streets.

Still, those who assume Powell's identity as an African American may prove a source of liberal domestic policy innovation are likely to be disappointed. If the role of race in his career illustrates any larger point, it is that responding effectively to racism in human institutions is sometimes a matter of small, tough judgments; pride is paramount in this case, discretion is the better part of valor in that case. For the most part, Powell's broadly pragmatic actions suggest a man whose commitment to the Army always came first.

His life experience as a black American is almost *sui generis*. He grew up in a close-knit extended Jamaican immigrant clan ruled by a benignly authoritarian father, Luther Powell. In the South Bronx of the '40s and '50s, before civil rights, affirmative action and white backlash, families of Jamaican origin coexisted in relative harmony with Italian and Jewish families. Racial identity was secondary. Luther Powell lived by a simple credo: work hard, keep out of trouble, and America will reward you. One of Colin Powell's favorite stories concerns a summer job he had mopping floors at a soft-drink plant while whites got better jobs on the machines. He put up with it, concentrated on his work and was rewarded with promotion to the machines the next year.

Only when Powell went south for Army training did he get his first notion of what American racism was like for the majority of blacks. By then, however, he was set on an Army career. He was, in that sense, "green" before he was black. As a 16-and-a-half-year-old freshman at City College in New York, he joined the Army ROTC because the snappy whipped cord on the uniforms of the elite Pershing Rifles caught his eye. He liked the camaraderie and saw the officer corps as a ladder up. The Army ROTC, writes journalist Juan Williams, "was his gang, his team, his fraternity, his new extended family."

Returning from his first tour as an adviser to the South Vietnamese Army in 1963 to see his wife, Alma, in Birmingham, Alabama, he found his father-in-law—a conservative school principal who agreed with King's goals but found his tactics too "confrontational"—keeping watch over the house with a shotgun. Yet Powell stuck to his plan of an Army career and did not get swept up in the rebellious mood of the times: Powell's reaction to the civil rights struggle was, as Powell's relatives told Williams, "to more strongly attach himself to the military, where he felt there was little racism because of the emphasis on meeting set requirements for training and promotion."

By the time Powell got to the Americal Division in 1968, racial tension was growing in the Army, not so much in frontline units as in the base camp areas where Powell spent most of his tour. Black grievances centered on the military justice system: by 1969, almost half of all the soldiers held in the Army's overcrowded brigs were black, the vast majority of them jailed for minor disciplinary offenses. (Except for Calley, the mostly white officers involved in My Lai never spent a day in jail.) Black officers and noncoms were often not fully accepted by white colleagues; yet many black draftees reviled them as "lifers" and "Uncle Toms."

What little is known about this sensitive issue suggests that Powell hewed to a middle course. "Some of the white officers in his division at that time had approached Powell about the racial unrest," Kitfield writes, "as if this young black officer somehow had instant answers to the problem of prejudice. There were no easy answers."

In August, 1973, now-Lt. Col. Colin Powell took over a battalion in the Second Infantry Division in South Korea. Blacks had essentially seceded from the unit. Whites, even officers, ventured into black off-base bars at their peril. In one riot, black soldiers tried to kill the provost marshal. The commanding general in the Korea division was named Hank "Gunfighter" Emerson. In the wake of the riot, Emerson ordered a crackdown on black militants. Emerson thought Powell, his only black battalion commander, could be of unique assistance. Powell carried out the policy, with the help of three white company commanders. When he learned that a soldier he now remembers only as "Private Odom" was holding clandestine meetings among the other blacks in the battalion, he summoned Odom to his office, called him a "squirrel ass" and handed him his discharge papers. Powell and other battalion commanders began drilling and working their men so hard they were too tired to fight with one another.

Powell has often said his year whipping a battalion

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into shape in Korea was his most satisfying ever. "Powell was first and foremost an Army officer," Kitfield reports. "It had never occurred to him that justice and racial equality could flourish in an environment of anarchy." For Powell, Private Odom was a threat to the internal harmony of the institution—an institution, Powell felt, that had always given blacks a relatively square deal and that was trying to do even better. In fact, he argued, what the troops really wanted and needed was good old-fashioned discipline; by the end of his tour, even once rebellious blacks saluted him cheerfully as "Bro P."

The crisis Powell inherited in Korea was perhaps the one episode in his military career that best resembles, in microcosm, the challenges he would face presiding over racially divided and crime-wracked America now. From an Army point of view, Powell did the right thing. And certainly, the current tableau of urban crime and drugs supports Powell's view that indiscipline is the enemy of equality. Indeed, if more black leaders thought as Powell did in the '60s and early '70s, some excesses of Black Power militancy might have been avoided.

Yet it is also true that Emerson's solution worked in Korea for many of the reasons that it may not offer a directly applicable lesson for civilian society. As Powell later said to Roth of Emerson's policy, "he did things that you couldn't get away with in the United States with newspapers watching." However valid Powell's bootstraps and discipline philosophy may be—either now or in the very different era when Powell himself was abiding by it—it remains to be seen whether he would be more frustrated in a democratic setting where every Private Odom is entitled to a hearing. And to the degree Powell's experiences with race in the '60s and '70s imply any concrete suggestion for troubled African American youths today, it might be no more or less objectionable, no more or less innovative, than this: join the Army.

V.

For all the lessons Powell learned from Vietnam about how and when to wage war, how to treat the press and the politicians, it is not clear that he came to question the near-absolute primacy he placed on institutional loyalty and obedience to superiors. Most notably, eighteen years after My Lai, when Powell was working for Caspar Weinberger, the Reagan administration fell into a scandal of its own: the Iran-Contra affair.

As Weinberger's gatekeeper, Powell alerted him to the arms-for-hostages deal in 1985. Powell insists, truthfully, that this bald contradiction of stated U.S. policy struck both his boss and him as a bad idea. They voiced that view energetically but quietly; Weinberger even says he contemplated resigning. Still, in January 1986, Weinberger ordered Powell to carry out the White House's orders: to transfer 4,508 TOW missiles from the Army to the CIA, whence they would go to Iran. Powell made the transfer from the Army to the CIA through the Economy Act, evading the normal requirement to inform Congress. Powell and his boss "saw their assigned part in the affair as a piece of bad garbage to be gotten out of the house quickly with as few fingerprints as possible on it," writes Howard Means.

Just as Tom Glen's letter may have gotten lost amid the press of other business at the Americal, the weapons deal, Powell told Means, "looks like a very big deal from this distance, but at the time it was a judgment call." Yet surely it was also part of his duty to make such judgments correctly and contemporaneously, not in hindsight, and to leave his job if his judgments were overridden. When the Tower Commission issued a report on the scandal in March 1987, Powell was Carlucci's deputy national security adviser. He tried to work the following language into Reagan's speech apologizing for the arms deal:

> As a matter of simple fairness, I must say that I believe the commission's comments about George Shultz and Cap Weinberger are incorrect. Both of them vigorously opposed the arms sales to Iran, and they so advised me several times. The commission's statements that the two secretaries did not support the president are also wrong. They did support me despite their known opposition to the program. I now find that both secretaries were excluded from meetings on the subject by the same people and process used to deny me vital information about this whole matter.

Weinberger, in Powell's account, was against the deal and tried to stop it. But he didn't know everything he needed to know because "people" kept him in the dark. *Ergo* he might have done more if he had known more, or he might not have—we'll never know. The secretary supported the president anyway, though it is hard to know what this means: maybe that he agreed to assign his military assistant to make the trade without Congress finding out. The speechwriters probably did both Powell and Weinberger a favor by not putting these words in Reagan's mouth.

VI.

The pursuit of harmony carries moral costs. The avoidance of actions in order to protect one value may put other values at risk. To protect the Army and its members to the exclusion of other objectives exposes one to the light of hindsight. Powell finds himself obliged today to explain the choices he made in the past, and sometimes, as in the case of the Americal Division's woes, these explanations can be awkward.

Powell also finds himself defending the many times he has balked at the use of force. Even as an assistant to Weinberger, he initially frowned on sending Stinger anti-aircraft missiles to the Afghan rebels, weapons that later proved vital to defeating the Soviets. As chairman of the Joint Chiefs, he declined to recommend sending American troops to block Noriega loyalists during the October 3, 1989, coup attempt in Panama. The coup leader was killed, and with him went the final option to oust Noriega short of an even costlier American invasion. (Confronted by tough press questions after the coup, Powell, who had been in Washington during Watergate, My Lai and Iran-Contra, fumed, according to Bob Woodward, about "a lynch mob" unlike any media "frenzy" he

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had ever witnessed: "My God, what has happened to this town?") Under both Bill Clinton and George Bush, he opposed using force to save Bosnia from the Serbs and even expressed initial skepticism about the use of U.S. planes to air-drop food to trapped civilians.

From the beginning, he resisted a military commitment to oust Saddam Hussein from Kuwait. Just before the invasion, Woodward reports, Undersecretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz suggested, wisely, that the United States deter an Iraqi lunge by moving ships toward the Persian Gulf. Powell objected. Having misread or dismissed intelligence reports suggesting that Saddam intended to take Kuwait, he "didn't want some bright idea by the civilians to get them committed with no clear objective in sight."

When George Bush declared that "this will not stand," Powell thought the statement was precipitous and groused that the commander in chief had not consulted him first, Woodward reports. In October 1990 he privately told Britain's air chief marshal—but not the president—that a war with Iraq could trigger an anti-Western backlash among the Arabs or decay into a war of attrition that the public would not support, according to *The Generals' War* by Michael R. Gordon and Bernard E. Trainor.

He wanted to give sanctions more time. He fretted about the way his troops would perform under pressure. In Woodward's book, Powell broods the night before the air war began: "He thought of the troops and pilots as kids, even teenagers.... Powell felt a foreboding and a chill. The war was in the hands of these kids. And if they screwed up, it would mean that Powell and the generals—the adults—hadn't done their jobs well enough."

In the final hours of the ground war, Powell counseled the president to call off the fighting. It was the only "option" he proposed, even though the Republican Guard, which Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf had sworn to "destroy," had not yet been destroyed. The guard escaped to crush a rebellion by Shiites and to help Saddam remain in power. Confronted with an unexpected opportunity to rid the world of an evil dictator, Powell's instinct was not to improvise and exploit the opportunity. It was to quit while he was ahead. Pressed for answers afterwards, Roth writes, "Powell repeatedly reminded those who were disappointed that toppling Saddam was not part of the assigned mission."

Later it would become clear that the Bush administration feared a break-up of post-Saddam Iraq that could play into Iran's hands. But Powell was protecting the military, not playing geopolitics: he feared the political fallout from televised images of "indiscriminate killing" by the United States of fleeing Iraqi forces on the highway from Kuwait to Basra. "Determined that the military would erase the stain of Vietnam and come out of the Gulf war victorious with its honor intact," write Gordon and Trainor, Powell "wanted to avoid the impression that the United States was piling on and killing Iraqis for the sake of killing them. If that meant erring on the side of caution, Powell was prepared to live with that." Going to Baghdad, an idea he later ridiculed as a search for "Jeffersonian democrats," raised the prospect G.I.s would be caught amid a large and alien civilian population, as in Quang Ngai.

This last point was hardly wholly unreasonable, and we will never know if Powell was, in fact, right. But it is also true that his advice during the Gulf crisis often conflicted with the facts. It was as if he were suffering a flashback to Vietnam, where the average G.I. was 20 and half of the 57,000 killed in action were younger than that. Yet the average American "kid" in the Gulf was 27 years old. Sixty percent were married. The Desert Storm military was the oldest, most realistically trained force America had fielded since the Civil War.

The outcry against a supposed American slaughter of the innocents—with, perhaps, echoes of My Lai and the "baby-killer" label—existed mainly in Powell's speculations. The public's indifference to the unintended bombing of hundreds of Iraqi women and children in a Baghdad bunker had already shown that America's blood was up. Before the land war began—that is, before anyone knew how low the actual casualties would be—67 percent of respondents told the Gallup Poll they favored fighting until Saddam was gone.

In Riyadh in the late hours of the war, Schwarzkopf told his generals that Powell had called to relay the president's decision to end the war. Gen. John Yeosock of the Army knew his troops had not yet wrapped up the Republican Guard. But, as Gordon and Trainor report, he was too beaten down by Schwarzkopf's scoldings of the previous months to object. Army Gen. Calvin Waller hit the ceiling, but Schwarzkopf shrugged, "You go argue with them." Waller swallowed his disapproval. In the triumphant Army of Desert Storm, as in the defeated Army of Vietnam, the unstated credo was still "Don't rock the boat." Only now, Powell was setting the course.

VII.

In the post-cold war, post-Gulf war setting, Powell faced a new challenge. How could the reconstituted military—the heavy land Army, the blue-water Navy, the fast-burner Air Force—be employed for political objectives? The reforms of the past two decades had been sweeping, but their aim, writes A.J. Bacevich of Johns Hopkins University, "was inherently counter-revolutionary: to restore limits and boundaries to war, so that outcomes would be determined by the clash of opposing armies, not the mobilization of entire societies." Thus, we have forces geared to fight two Major Regional Contingencies. But except for the Gulf, how foreseeable is such a contingency? Europe? Only if Russia stages an incredible military comeback. Korea? We are negotiating a solution to our nuclear differences with the North. The likeliest wars are unconventional: Somalia, Bosnia and the like.

Colin Powell was no better at resolving this predicament than anyone else. It called for nothing less than a top-to-bottom rethinking of military orthodoxy—and hence of the very basis of the legitimacy that America's professional soldiery had just recovered in the Gulf.

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Powell preferred not to risk such strains on the harmony of the military. As Jon Meacham has shown in *The Washington Monthly*, when the issue of "roles and missions" was broached in 1992, Powell caved to the services, permitting them to maintain a structure full of expensive redundancies.

Rather than shake up these institutions, Powell continued to try to protect them. As a chairman endowed both with the power of Goldwater-Nichols and the cachet of "war hero" from Desert Storm, he insisted with redoubled energy on the political-military paradigm that had emerged from Vietnam: "We do deserts, we don't do mountains," was the military's answer to the clamor for U.S. intervention in Bosnia. Powell, it seemed, was now inverting Clausewitz: military capabilities would be the deciding factor in determining what constituted a clear political objective.

Already during the Panama and Gulf crises, he had edged right up to the line that separates "presenting military options" from giving policy and political advice. In Desert Storm, he would later boast, "our military advice was shaping political judgments from the very beginning." After the Gulf war, he went further in attempting to stop American involvement in Bosnia. In the October 8, 1992, *New York Times* op-ed, he all but endorsed Bush administration policy against using force in the Balkans, even as he swiped at "critics" who advocated "imprudent" military spending cuts.

In the first year of Clinton's presidency, Powell encroached even more openly onto civilian turf—filling the vacuum created by Clinton's own lack of military experience and foreign policy confidence. Not only did he lobby against intervening in Bosnia, he also tolerated military leaks against his civilian boss, Secretary of Defense Les Aspin. When Clinton asked Powell on his retirement day what he thought of Aspin, Elizabeth Drew reports in *On the Edge*, the general responded that the secretary had lost the confidence of the armed forces and Clinton should consider "a change." He did.

Military resistance to civilian political direction reached a peak in Powell's passionate opposition to dropping the military ban on homosexuals. Eight days before Clinton's inauguration, Powell gave a speech at the Naval Academy urging midshipmen to resign if they opposed a lifting of the ban—a gesture of principled dissent that Powell himself never rose to in the Army.

In all of these cases, Powell was not voicing cowardice or bigotry so much as he was still refighting Vietnam—resisting both the harebrained missions concocted by civilians and the forces of cultural and social permissiveness emanating from the civilian world. Given Powell's oft-stated likening of "unit cohesion" to the love that unites a family, the possible introduction of sexual love into such a group must have seemed to him as unnatural as incest itself. If it could be any consolation to the gay men and lesbians who must serve in the closet as a result, Powell's reaction to them was little different from his reaction to black militants in Korea two decades earlier.

Powell has set risky precedents, for himself and for the military. A military which aggressively "advises" the civilian authorities to stay out of difficult battles such as Bosnia has certainly helped save the lives of its soldiers. And this is not wrong. In fact, the longer the war in Bosnia goes on, the less clear it becomes what outside force could achieve. The leaders of such a military do, however, acquire responsibility for whatever judgment history may assign to those who could have taken action against ethnic cleansing earlier—but didn't. They also invite questions about exactly what the public is getting for its defense budget dollars. Similarly, if Americans ever do look back on the fight about gays in the military and regard it as a battle for basic human rights, then Powell will be perceived to have been a force against progress. Once again, he may have some explaining to do.

Powell's only cause in life has been the Army. "The Army has been my home. The Army has been my life," he said at his 1993 retirement ceremony after thirty-five years in uniform. "The Army has been my profession. The Army has been my love for all these many years. I am what I am today, because the Army takes care of its own." He joined because the Army offered a vision of group harmony and personal advancement, not because he wanted to be a warrior. Still, he fought hard when asked to do so, learning in Vietnam that war confronts soldiers with challenges, military and moral, that can mutate into threats to their honor and solidarity. Requiting the Army's love, Powell tried to protect it from forces within American democracy that could endanger military honor and solidarity—even, ironically, by asking soldiers to fight, or to fight on inconvenient terms. As often as not, his quest to avoid war—or at least to blot out its moral hazards through sheer application of sudden violence—proved no more universally satisfactory than previous approaches.

Desert Storm crowned the Army's comeback from the dark days of My Lai and restored the legitimacy of America's military professionals, though it left many unresolved questions about the role of the U.S. military establishment. And, despite expectations that the Gulf war might catalyze renewal at home, the most disturbing problems of American society remain, defying solutions from either Republicans or Democrats.

If the country feels the best president to deal with its social ills is someone not openly identified with either party—a man who both promises efficient stewardship of complex bureaucracies and offers an inspirational persona—then Powell might fill the bill. He could make us feel good about how far we have come, even if he almost certainly would not challenge us to go farther. "If the nation needs a contemporary father figure to help refound it," writes Roth, "he could rise to the occasion." Powell could be a black Eisenhower.

If, however, the country wants to shake up its cold war-vintage institutions, to challenge special interests and to question longstanding assumptions, then Colin Powell may not be the best candidate. For that kind of job, we'd be better off with someone more like Spec. 4 Tom Glen. •

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Reporting on Schools

New York City schools are doing something different. They've given students school report cards to take home to their parents. The purpose? According to School Chancellor Ramon Cortines, parents can "use the Annual School Report ... to ask better questions of the leadership of their local schools." The high school reports include the number of students in the school, percent graduating, percentage who meet state reading and math requirements, average attendance, number of pupil suspensions per 100 students, student-staff ratio, percentage of teachers with five or fewer years of experience, SAT scores and the number of librarians and guidance counselors. The idea is a good one and shows an openness that is often missing in our schools.

Shouldn't we judge a school on the basis of the educational value it adds rather than the students it starts with?

Students were given only the report card for their own schools. The idea is not to compare the schools with one another but rather to see what progress each school makes over time. Of course, since this is the first year the reports have been issued, no such longitudinal comparisons are possible. New York City newspapers published substantial parts of the high school reports and did just what they were not supposed to do: list schools that were the best and the worst on given indicators.

What's wrong with comparing schools? Nothing, if the schools are comparable. But newspapers simply listed the schools with top scores and those with bottom scores in reading, math, SATs, etc. Some schools, like top-scoring Stuyvesant, Bronx Science and Townsend Harris, select their students mainly by competitive examination and admit only top scorers. Other schools admit all comers. Comparing these schools is like comparing a group of athletes who have been chosen to compete in the Olympics with a group of students in a typical gym class. Is a school with high reading and math scores a good school? Is one with low scores a bad school? What if the students in the high-scoring school already had those high scores when they were admitted and have made no progress since then? What if the students in the low-scoring school came in with much lower scores but have made great progress? Shouldn't we judge a school on the basis of the educational value it adds rather than the students it starts with?

There are other indicators that are difficult to interpret—student suspensions, for example. Some schools suspended 15 or 16 students out of each 100 at some time during the year; others suspended none. Most people would say that schools with low suspension rates are better: A high rate would mean there's lots of trouble in the school, and a low rate would be a sign of tranquillity. But that's not necessarily the case. A high suspension rate can also mean that the principal of the school is serious about keeping violent and disruptive students from destroying the education of those who want to learn. And a low suspension rate could mean the principal is covering up school problems. There's no way of knowing from the numbers alone.

Staff ratios vary widely. Some schools have almost 20 students for each teacher, administrator and other professional in the school. Others have 10. One would guess that fewer students per adult is better, but a school may have more adults because it has more problems. Also, some schools use the staff to keep class sizes down, while others use staff for various administrative functions. Why not let parents know the average class size in each school *and* the number of classes that are very large?

The report card also gives student turnover rates—that is, the percent of students in the school who were there for the full year. On average, 70.6 percent of the students in city high schools were in one school for the full year, but in some schools the percent was only 40 or 50 percent. When 30 to 60 percent of the students tested for reading and math attend a school for just a few months, test scores don't tell you anything about the amount of learning that's taking place in that school. A school with half of its kids moving in and out each year is not likely to be one in which much learning takes place, but the schools cannot be blamed for problems beyond their control.

The report card also documents what years of budget cuts have meant. Many high schools have no librarians or counselors. Eighty-one of the 121 high schools for which report cards were issued have no librarian. Thirty-two have either no counselors or only one. One high school has one counselor for over 1,000 students!

The New York City School Report Card is a good beginning. With some improvements and the opportunity to gather longitudinal data, it could become a valuable tool for the educating and involving the public in the improvement of the schools.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1995 by Albert Shanker.

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Way Down East

Claustrophobia, anyone? It's hard to find in films. Even when it's the aim, as in pictures about men trapped in damaged submarines, we're usually more aware of the effort than the effect. But **Dolores Claiborne** (Columbia), which is seemingly about other matters, is truly, subtly claustrophobic.

This picture is the King-of-the-Month, the latest adaptation from a book by that geyser of horror, Stephen K. (The term is taxonomic, not critical. His paperbacks are not in the Fiction or Mystery sections: they're in Horror.) As millions must already know, King's method in this book is monologue—it's a long narration by the title character, who lives on an island off the Maine coast and whose life is crammed with woe. (The film was in fact shot in Nova Scotia, with plenty of sea tang.)

Tony Gilroy, son of the playwright Frank Gilroy, wrote the screenplay, skillfully modeling scenes out of the monologue and utilizing King's salty Down East locutions. Gilroy has condensed and expanded and developed, of course, and has come up with a neat structure that suggests one of Simenon's chamber-play thrillers such as *The Cat.*

At the very beginning, we look up the staircase of a grand house and hear a quarrel between two women. A woman tumbles down the stairs, breaks some railings with her head, and lies still. Another woman, Dolores Claiborne (as we learn), rushes down, sees the recumbent figure, then runs into the kitchen to find something with which to finish her off. She has a rolling pin poised over the other woman's head when the postman comes in and stops her.

Now clearly this is not the whole of the event we have just seen. If it were, then the rest of the picture would be only an explanation of how Dolores got accused of murder and how she ended up, presumably, with a life sentence. That would make the film too open-and-shut. We know that there must be more to the matter, complications. So even if it's in an elementary manner, some interest is whetted.

Next we meet Dolores's daughter, Selena, who is a hard-drinking, pill-popping journalist in Manhattan. When Selena gets word that her mother has been booked for murder, she immediately goes back home. But the mother-daughter relationship is not what we might have expected; and Selena's efforts to get legal counsel and other help are oddly received.

Thus it's essential that we learn some background, and it's here that the film grows in dimension. The best achievement of the director, Taylor Hackford, is the way he braids past and present. He does this so well that the past sequences can't really be called flashbacks: they are events in a different "present." The cinematographer, Gabriel Beristain, gives the past brighter colors, and naturally the principals look different twenty years earlier when Selena is only 13 (the year of an eclipse); but Hackford uses the counterpointing of two time strands less as cleverness than as a dramatization of fate. Into this King-Gilroy screenplay a trace of rockbound, destiny-driven O'Neill begins to seep.

Back there in the year of the eclipse, Dolores and the young Selena are living differently troubled lives, mostly because of Joe, the husband and father, an abusive drunk. Dolores goes to work for a rich woman as housekeeper-maid, subject to another sort of tyranny, just to put together some money so that in time Selena can escape from the island and her father. That money and that pressure lead to an accident—or "accident"—in which Joe is killed, something that makes us all sigh with relief. And this is because up to that point the film has created a claustrophobic sense of entrapment, with mother and daughter squeezed in a figurative space where breathing is difficult.

I mustn't make *Dolores Claiborne* sound grander than it is, but neither can its accomplishments—*real* time-travel, reified atmosphere—be dismissed just because it's built on plot contraptions. After Hackford, the film owes most to Kathy Bates in the title role. Bates played the maniac who imprisoned a famous author in *Misery* (another King derivative) and played opposite Jessica Tandy in *Fried Green Tomatoes*—these, and other film roles, following a long career in the theater. Up to now, however, she has often seemed only a dumpy, somewhat unlovely actress who—with expertise, to be sure—was making the most of her disabilities. Here she surpasses the ugly-duckling-with-feelings formula.

Any actor can tell you that what we take to be a performer's limitations may really be the limits of the parts that he

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Circle of Friends. *Three Irish girl friends, one of them rather plain. One handsome Irish boy. Perhaps everything goes a bit too much the way we want it to, but it's all irresistible. (Reviewed 4/10/95)* **Martha and I.** *Warm and rueful remembrance in this Czechoslovakian gem about a Jewish doctor and his loving German wife—just before and during the Nazi intrusion. (3/13/95)* **Mina Tannenbaum.** *Another Jewish story—in postwar Paris. Mina and her friend Ethel grow up together, discovering life and love and each other. Done with exceptional grace. (3/27/95)* **Once Were Warriors.** *A Maori family in a large New Zealand city. Fine acting keeps us interested in a somewhat familiar racial-ghetto story. (3/27/95)*—**SK**

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or she has found. Another kind of fate. Well, this time fate has been kind. Dolores gives Bates a chance to explore aspects of her insight and imagination that are new to us: shades of devotion and patience and resolve—and of humor, with Down East crackle—that dissolve the familiar Bates image before our eyes and replace it with a new, complete woman.

David Strathairn plays Joe and maintains his reputation as an actor with an almost uncanny instinct for truth. That magnificent actor Christopher Plummer is very much on hand as the detective investigating the death of the woman on the stairs, particularly keen about the job because he had been involved in the investigation of Joe's death years before. The very presence of Plummer, somehow beautifully classic even with Maine twang and in workaday clothes, supports the idea of classic Fate hovering over these people.

Last, Jennifer Jason Leigh as Selena. In some of her earlier roles, in *Single White Female* and *Rush*, for instance, Leigh was trenchant. Then she played the lead in *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle* and, obsessed with some biographical datum, gave Dorothy Parker lockjaw. Now, without that datum, she still seems touched with lockjaw. What's worse, her performance is just an aggregate of reactions and assaults; they seem unrelated to a perceived human being. But, then, the more important aspect of Selena is in the past, where the 13-year-old is played capably by Ellen Muth.

The explanation of the film's opening death, when at last we get it, is the weakest component in the story, but by the time it arrives, it's just something we have to get through to make the story possible. And by that time we wouldn't want to have missed that story.

Book Note. Blaise Cendrars was the pen name of Frédéric Sauser (1887-1961), a French-Swiss who was active in many nonliterary fields and who was also a prominent novelist and poet in Paris before and after the First World War. He lost his right arm in that war, but this didn't impede his vigor as writer and man.

In 1936 Cendrars visited Hollywood for two weeks, just as Universal was finishing the film *Sutter's Gold* based on a novel of his. He sent reportage about his visit to *Paris-Soir*, and it was subsequently published in book form. That book has just been translated into English by Garrett White as *Hollywood: Mecca of the Movies* (University of California Press, 256 pp., $30).

Cendrars says: "I never take notes when I travel. I don't want to clutter my mind with a multitude of contradictory

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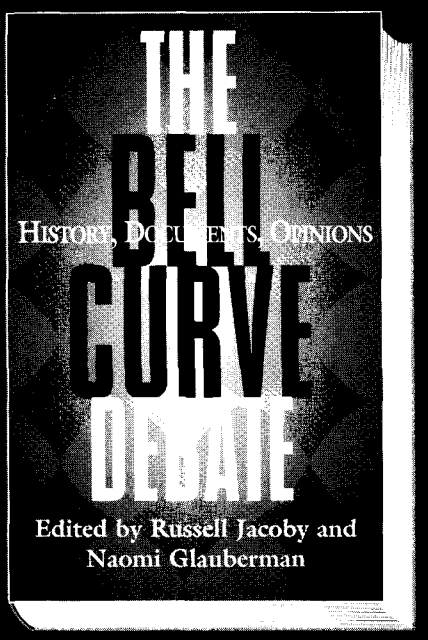

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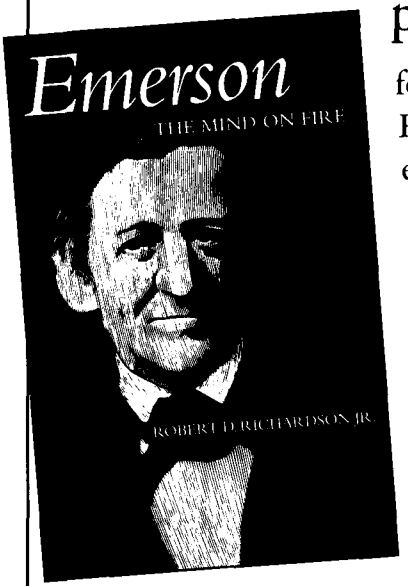

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details. I want to report only the essential in what I see." Unfortunately the essential in what he sees is by now commonplace. It's what all of us know about the Hollywood, and the America, of that day. His book, like much travel writing by loquacious, café-clubbable Europeans, is more enlightening as a portrait of himself than of his subject. So unless you are specifically interested in Cendrars, which some readers apparently are, his report does not fascinate. However, the many drawings by Jean Guérin, done from life for the original edition, are sprightly. •

Jed Perl on Art

Through the Magnifying Glass

The seventeenth-century printmaker Wenceslaus Hollar came through as one of the great, underappreciated figures of European art in a retrospective that was mounted at Yale University over the winter. Richard T. Godfrey, who organized the show for the Center for British Art and wrote the catalog, did an extraordinary job: his no-holds-barred feelings for Hollar animated the story, so that as museumgoers went down a little-traveled road, they may well have wondered why on earth they hadn't been urged to take the trip before. Even in the annals of printmaking, which is by no means the best-known or best-loved of the visual arts, Hollar can look more than a bit obscure, at least when compared with artists such as Jacques Callot and Giovanni Battista Piranesi. In a sense, "Wenceslaus Hollar: A Bohemian Artist in England" was a specialist's event; a lot of the work on display came from the in-depth holdings of a few avid collectors. Yet Hollar brings such a clear-headedness to his portrayals of everything from a lady's fur muff to the ravaged banks of the Thames after London's Great Fire of 1666 that almost anybody could respond enthusiastically to the show and leave with the feeling that the Hollar fanatics are on to something.

Hollar wields the etcher's needle with a delicacy that's immediately enthralling. He knows how to dip the copper plate into the acid bath to create grooves that, when filled with ink and run through the press, produce a whole range of grays, so that you want to go up close to the prints and linger there. One of Hollar's contemporaries was John Aubrey, the author of *Brief Lives*, and he observed that Hollar "was very short-sighted, and did worke so curiously that the curiosity of his Worke is not to be judged without a magnifying-glasse." Magnification may sometimes help one to pick out nuances in these prints, but the poetry of Hollar's art has to do with a built-in kind of magnification: he reimagines the world in a heightened, clarified form.

Even in an age that depended on printmakers to record appearances, Hollar, who was born in Prague in 1607 and died in London in 1677, was staggeringly prolific. Something like 2,700 plates have been recorded, earning Aubrey's observation that "he hath donne the most in that way that ever any one did." Sheer numbers are not irrelevant to Hollar's power. It's the astonishing range of his subjects, together with his insistently sharp-focus attention, that gave the Yale show its buoyant, opening-out feeling.

Aubrey says that Hollar "was a very friendly good-natured man as could be, but Shiftlesse to the World, and dyed not rich." That description is not hard to square with the face that looks out of his self-portraits—a face that is unprepossessing and not especially handsome except for the big, dark, appealing eyes. Hollar's father had been an official in the court of Emperor Rudolf II, but by the time the boy came of age, Bohemia had been overtaken by the chaos of the Thirty Years' War, and in his 20s Hollar found work in Stuttgart, Strasbourg, Frankfurt and Cologne. In 1636 he entered the service of the Earl of Arundel, and went with Arundel to London, where he embarked on a series of prints that record Arundel's legendary art collections. The Arundel years were, by most reckonings, the happiest of Hollar's life, but they came to an end when the English Civil War forced Arundel into exile. Hollar moved back to the continent in 1644. From then on he had no fixed employment and became a workhorse at the mercy of the publishers. He returned to London in 1654, suffered many business reversals and lost his son in the plague of 1665.

There are blank spots in the Hollar biography, but one line in Aubrey's *Brief Lives* is so evocative that it probably makes up for everything we do not know. "I remember," Aubrey writes, "he told me that when he first came into England (which was a serene time of Peace) that the people, both poore and rich, did looke cheerfully, but at his return, he found the Countenances of the people all changed, melancholy, spightfull, as if bewitched." The Hollar of Aubrey's recollection, who studies the changing countenances of the people of London, is the same acute observer who gives a visual record of much of a European century.

Hollar takes as his starting point the cool, analytical spirit that's built into the very black-and-whiteness of printmaking. When I see Hollar's prints one by one, they can feel a bit too neutral in tone; I may yearn for a different kind seventeenth-century printmaker, such as Callot, who turns the entire universe into figures that are squiggly calligraphic arabesques. Yet the more I look at Hollar's work, the more I see that there's something impressive about this neutrality, which is grounded in the artist's ability to take the exact measure of everything he sees. Hollar has an almost novelistic grasp of the way that history is manifest in the everyday. And, like some of the finest naturalists in literature, he gives an emotional dimension to verisimilitude: we're exhilarated simply by watching him produce his proliferation of beautifully worked-out details. His subjects include just about everything. In addition to the subjects that I've already mentioned, there are animals and flowers and butterflies and moths, portraits, genre scenes, records of grisly public executions, fashion plates, architectural studies, chronicles of court pageants, allegories, emblems, book illustrations (including frontispieces, diagrams, maps), and hundreds of reproductions of paintings and drawings and other works of art.

Although it is safe to say that there is no one type of image that is characteristic of Hollar's work, there are images that are particularly prized, and it is not insignificant that both the earliest and the latest prints in the Yale retrospective were landscapes. Landscape is a genre that seventeenth-century artists embraced as no Europeans ever had before, and it must have had particular urgency for this man who lived in so many different countries and situations, who was always getting the lay of the land. From the very first examples, Hollar's etched landscapes are wonderfully delicate and acute. And there are beautiful, plangent pen and wash drawings from his travels along the Rhine with Arundel in 1636. But it is probably only with the nearly three-foot-wide etching of *Greenwich*, done in 1637, that Hollar

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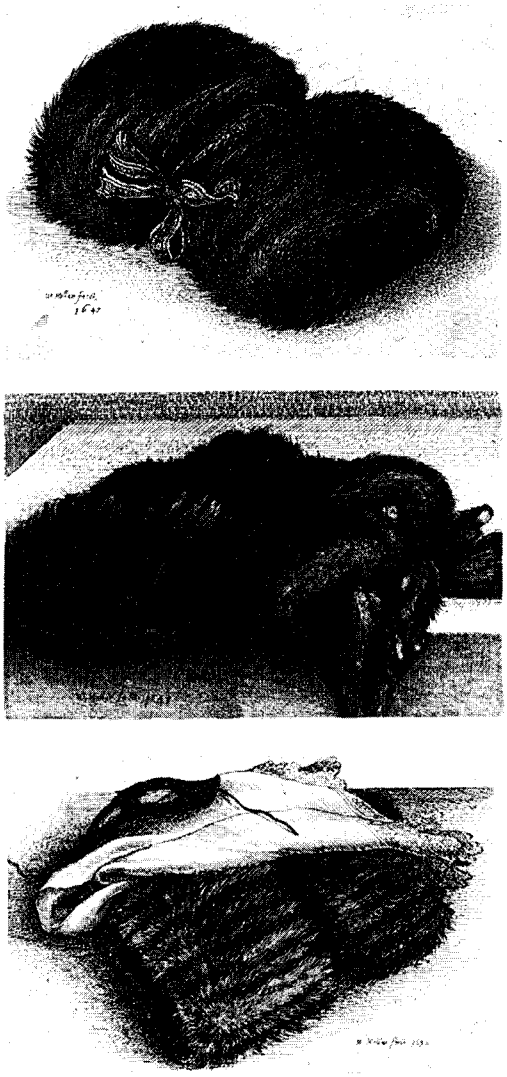
achieves the combination of delicacy and boldness that is his alone. Here the rhythm of gently undulating hills spells serene exhilaration, and as you go closer to the print, you take in more and more figures and distant buildings and water and clouds and trees and ships, so that there is the sense that this artist has seen as far as a man can see.

The *Greenwich* plate is the most expansively, exhilaratingly self-confident achievement of Hollar's career. The later landscapes that hold a museum-goer's attention tend to be less encyclopedic in spirit. A quartet of etchings from 1645 records Arundel's country estate in Surrey with an intimacy that makes one feel that the earl and his family—who are seen walking beneath tall trees—know each leaf and blade of grass by heart. And then there are other works in which Hollar plays with bold architectonic forms, especially an etching from the 1647 series of *Dutch Ships*, in which one immense hull, floating in the foreground, is as otherworldly as a sea monster. The typographical artist's concern with scientifically exact description is key to Hollar's entire output. There are sheets on which he etched a variety of butterflies and moths, and he renders their miraculously varied symmetries with a concentrated energy that makes for black-and-white fireworks. Precise description is also what makes Hollar's fashion plates work. He doesn't get dizzyingly engaged in the spectacle of fashionable finery, he just takes it all in, so that the billowing, elaborate costumes are cool yet haunting.

Hollar's most revered work is a series of eight etchings of fur muffs, which comprise a sort of subset within the fashion plates. Nobody knows exactly why he did these studies, and the mystery adds to their allure. The muffs are seen singly, or in groups; some are arranged as still lifes on a table; in one case a group of five muffs are positioned on delicately outlined arms. These prints are, first of all, virtuoso exercises in the rendering of fur; this is something that, according to Godfrey, had rarely been attempted before. But we're helpless not to see, especially as we live in the century of Meret Oppenheim's fur-lined tea cup, sexual double entendres, and of course we aren't wrong. Richard Godfrey, in his catalog entry, fills in the historical context with characteristic aplomb; it's his way of adding to the speculative fun. He observes that while by the eighteenth century "a fur muff had become an appurtenance suggestive of a streetwalker or woman of easy virtue," this does not appear to have been the case in Hollar's own day. Whatever overt emblematic meaning these images did or didn't have, nobody can deny the way that Hollar's almost clinical naturalism leaps into an imaginative wildness. (That's what gives these works their modern appeal.) In two instances, the muff is juxtaposed with a slender black mask to pose a little baroque poem about the hidden, the withheld. Hollar might be suggesting that there is an erotic unconscious to certain elegant inanimate objects. He lavishes so much affection on these finely tailored animal skins that they take on lives of their own.



A DARK FUR MUFF, 1647;
A DARK FUR MUFF WITH STRIPES, 1645;
A DARK FUR DOUBLE-MUFF, 1642;
BY WENCESLAUS HOLLAR

Courtesy N. G. Stogdon

It is natural for us to prize an artist's most unique and idiosyncratic accomplishments, but in the case of Hollar there is no way to fully appreciate his enormous output without considering the energy that he devoted to the more mundane production of etched reproductions of works by other artists. His virtuoso renderings of the delicate traceries of Leonardo da Vinci's drawings have something in common with his treatment of the fur muffs—technically they're on that same dreamily fluid level. But even Hollar's less dazzling reproductive prints convey the overpowering sense of an artist who loves looking, who is engrossed by the intricacies of what other artists have done. This show would have been a poorer thing without the prints after a Renaissance drawing of an ornate chalice and the formal portraits of Anthony Van Dyck and the fourteenth-century English *Wilton Diptych*, with its intricately abstract patterns of angels' wings.

In Hollar's later work there is less of the almost rococo-feeling featheriness that is one of the glories of his first twenty years. As he labored for a succession of publishers and printsellers, he probably had neither the will nor the wherewithal to maintain the highest technical standards. But he sometimes managed to use his increasingly heavily weighted lines to achieve a new kind of forcefulness. There is nothing in his earlier work that is superior to the panorama of London after the Great Fire of 1666, in which the dense yet fluid line work gives each wrecked roof and wall a tragic particularity. What other artist has caught so exactly the cold desolate feeling that comes after the heat of catastrophe has passed? And this is not the only case where, past 50, Hollar strikes out in a new direction. There is a suite of six *Views near London*, from 1665, in which Hollar quite simply redefines the picturesque. Turning his attention to some oddly rutted and barren and broken-up terrain, he underlines the fascination of ordinariness and foreshadows the landscapes of Courbet and Morandi.

By the end of the show I felt happily overwhelmed by the work of this man who had seen and recorded so much and was still willing to record more. Of course there was nothing here to match the grandeur of paintings that were in, say, the Poussin show that was in Paris and London over the winter; but Hollar achieves a perfection of scale, an absence of pretense and a revelatory quality that is his alone. Perhaps the very privileges of genius shut masters such as Poussin and Rubens out of certain kinds of experiences that are available to a small master such as Hollar. Obviously he lacks the genius's ability to triumph over the times by redefining them, but in a strange way that is his strength. Nothing can compare with watching this

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extraordinary printmaker as he makes sense of everything that comes within his field of vision. Like some of the great photographers—I'm thinking of Atget and Walker Evans, who inherited many traditions from the art of printmaking—Hollar gives black-and-white its own dry-ice kind of heat. Whatever Hollar does, he seems to be working with the same mild yet essential injunction somewhere in the back of his mind: see things clearly and you'll see them through. •

The Squandered Century

BY EUGENE D. GENOVESE

The Age of Extremes: A History of the World, 1914-1991 by Eric Hobsbawm

(Pantheon, 627 pp., $30)

We shall soon be flooded with books that seek to explain this blood-drenched century, but I doubt that we shall get a more penetrating and politically valuable one than Eric Hobsbawm's *The Age of Extremes*. A history of the "short" century that began with World War I and ended with the collapse of communism, the book offers a powerful interpretation of the wellsprings of an age of unprecedented economic transformation, mass slaughter and social upheaval. With great analytical force, Hobsbawm tells the story of capitalism's greatest crises, its triumph over the challenges of communism and fascism, and its current strengths and weaknesses.

The simplest facts roll off Hobsbawm's pages like thunderbolts. Between 1914 and 1990, the population of the world trebled, even though more people were killed or allowed to die by human decision than ever before, an estimated 187 million people, or 10 percent of the population of 1900. And the Golden Age, which lasted from the end of World War II to the early 1970s, "marked the end of seven or eight millennia of human history ... if only because it ended the long era when the overwhelming majority of the human race lived by growing food and herding animals." But it is the Russian Revolution that is at the heart of Hobsbawm's reading. He sees it as the principal spur to the great changes of the century. In his view, the revolutionary challenge from the left compelled capitalism to institute the deep restructuring that was required for its survival. (He also acknowledges, subtly and without reductionism, that capitalism's political class was also responding to a Nazi threat.)

Hobsbawm limns the weaknesses of capitalism in his discussion of the "Age of Catastrophe," or the years between 1914 and 1945. Those years featured two world wars, and despite twenty-two years of what jocularly passed for peace, they amounted to a thirty-one-year world war of unprecedented savagery. They also featured an economic depression that, for the first time in history, threatened to destroy the capitalist system itself. The Great Depression of the 1930s was the worst and most politically dangerous in the history of capitalism. It threatened to reverse the historic pattern of capitalist development; as Hobsbawm observes, "in important respects the secular rise in its curve seemed to break."

For the first time in the history of the business cycle, it appeared that a deep depression would not generate a higher level of prosperity in its aftermath. No wonder we got a "stagnation thesis," which asserted that capitalism had permanently run out of steam. After World War I, economists and politicians put capitalism back on course, upward and onward; but the Great Depression inspired widespread fears that the aftermath of World War II would bring a renewed economic crisis. It did not happen. To the contrary, the Golden Age from 1945 to the early 1970s produced an astonishing economic transformation and an unprecedented prosperity. The bourgeoisie learned its lessons and revamped its economic system in ways that socialists, or at any rate Marxists, had believed impossible.

The failure of the socialist challenge absorbs much of Hobsbawm's attention. He virtually concedes, though he does not mention it, the conservative charge that socialism and communism developed as secularized versions of an apocalyptic religious faith. He observes that even before 1914, the socialist movement promised, as assorted Christian sects had promised before, "a society without unhappiness, oppression, inequality and injustice." The social democrats, it is true, abandoned revolutionary utopianism and preferred political moderation, partly in revulsion against the excesses of Bolshevism and partly in response to the evidence that the capitalist class was restructuring the economy and polity. Still, the consequences of social democracy—and here Hobsbawm falls silent—were unfortunate in one big way.

The social democrats abandoned utopianism in practice, but they retained much of it in theory. Thus they continued to propagate illusions, and they opened themselves to charges of bad faith from the left and the right. The communists indicted them for their abandonment of revolution, and the conservatives for their continued appeal to the utopian ideas of their deceased ideology. For this we are paying dearly. For left-liberalism and radicalism have become indistinguishable in an American left that practices reformist politics while it advances a social and cultural agenda that makes sense only on the basis of a wildly utopian worldview that few sane men would defend if forced to speak coherently.

The catastrophe of the left was the work of Lenin, of his decision in the immediate aftermath of the Russian Revolution to split the international movement between reformists and revolutionaries. As Hobsbawm demonstrates, the timing of Lenin's schism expressed a high irrationality. For the Soviet Union promoted the Communist International, or Comintern, at the very moment that its leaders were acknowledging the defeat of the revolutionary left in Germany and the collapse of the communist regime in Hungary, and concluding that the prospects for world revolution had faded. More and more they had to focus on a task that they had not anticipated: building a socialist society, or at any rate a noncapitalist one, in the Soviet Union without the economic support that they had expected to receive from the revolutionized advanced countries, notably Germany. Thus, they opted for the "politically calamitous" course of splitting the international socialist movement and promoting revolutionary communist parties precisely when those parties had no chance for success, when a fierce right-wing reaction was setting in everywhere.

Hobsbawm pays proper tribute to the selflessness and the heroism of the cadres that sacrificed themselves in attempts at socialist revolution and in subsequent anti-fascist struggles. But he chillingly demonstrates that the revolutionary movements of the left, which

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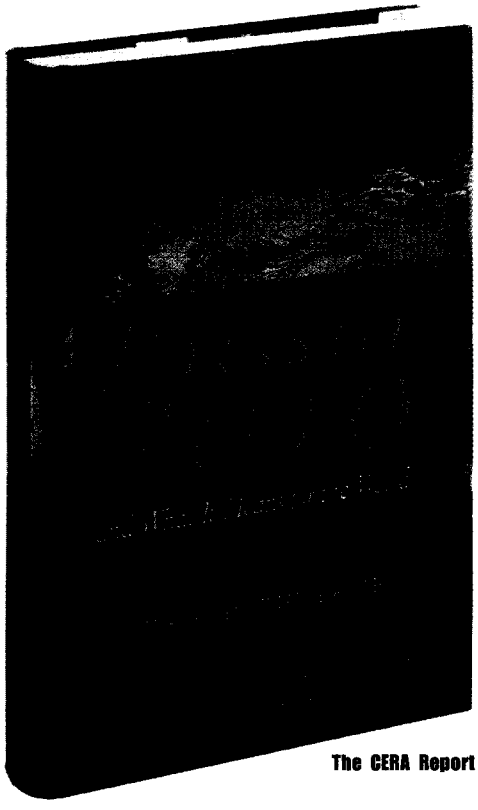

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always spoke in the name of "the people" or "the working class," consisted of only that—cadres. Contrary to all the predictions and all the hopes about the inevitability of socialist revolution, the masses did not rise. Worse, the ghastly economic crisis that brought capitalism to its knees primarily benefited the fascists, to whom a distressingly large section of those masses rallied. Hobsbawm makes an effective criticism of Soviet development from an essentially Marxist point of view. He acutely analyzes the principal features of Soviet history: the initial assumption by Bolsheviks and other leftists that the Russian Revolution was a holding action that could not long survive without the assistance of a revolutionized Germany; the desperation implicit in the slogan of "socialism in one country"; the forced collectivization of agriculture and the war against the peasantry; the crucial and heroic industrialization bought at a horrible price in human lives.

But still Hobsbawm raises hackles, especially with his argument that the collectivization of agriculture saddled the Soviet Union with economic inefficiencies from which it never recovered. Here he betrays a small dose of the Bukharinite romanticism that would have had the Soviet Union choose a slower, steadier economic course. His evidence, and the soberest parts of his generally lucid analysis, suggest what he finally and virtually concedes, which is that Stalin knew what he was about, while Bukharin was whistling Dixie. The survival of the Soviet state required a forced-march industrialization at any cost, and the economic and political exigencies of such an industrialization required collectivization. The problem was not the economic burden of collectivization. It was Stalin's penchant for solving every problem in the most brutal way, in his insistence upon making a virtue and principle out of every tactical necessity, in the unwillingness or the inability of his successors to drop the scaffolding of a collectivized agriculture after the industrial house had been built. Hobsbawm would more profitably treat the struggle over collectivization as he treats the Nazi-Soviet Pact, in which he wisely separates himself from knee-jerk criticism of the pact itself while exposing the political and ideological catastrophe that Stalin's cynical defense of the pact imposed upon the left worldwide.

Stalin's forced-march industrialization prepared the Soviet Union for an astonishing victory in World War II, and at the very moment at which the capitalist countries were wallowing in a crisis so broad and deep as to cast widespread doubts about capitalism's chances for survival. The prestige of the Soviet Union in the West, notwithstanding the mounting evidence of a cruel dictatorship replete with vast bloody purges, becomes understandable only in this context. And so does the increasingly widespread acceptance of "economic planning" as the necessary alternative to what Marx had called "the anarchy of the market."

Hobsbawm's account of the Nazi phenomenon, like much else in *The Age of Extremes*, ought to be required reading for those concerned with the future as well as the past. Hobsbawm offers a strong, if not entirely satisfactory, analysis of fascism and more particularly of National Socialism, an analysis that dispels decades of left-wing and liberal misunderstanding. Gone is the nonsense about fascism as a creature of big capital. Instead Hobsbawm draws a clear picture of the Nazis' broad social base; their ability to capture, if only after they came to power, the formerly "Red" working class by delivering on economic promises; and the belated and reluctant acceptance by big business of what it could not prevent but could live with. "Fascism," he properly insists, "existed by mobilizing the masses from below." The fascists were "the revolutionaries of counter-revolution."

Hobsbawm too readily dismisses the notion that Fascism and National Socialism constituted genuinely revolutionary movements. He prefers to believe that they revamped and revitalized old regimes, though his evidence and his analysis cast doubt on such a conclusion. In any case, he acknowledges that the Nazis swept away much of the old imperial elites and drastically altered the life of the masses in ways that were calculated to win broad support. With his customary candor, Hobsbawm writes that only Nazi Germany, of all the Western states, eliminated unemployment during the terrible years 1933 to 1938. He thereby refutes, although without specific mention, the erroneous notion that the Nazis did it through re-armament: the recovery preceded the re-armament. Unfortunately Hobsbawm does not explain how they did it. The question remains: Can the economic performance of the Nazis be separated from the barbarism that accompanied it? In refuting the notion that big business happily brought Hitler to power, Hobsbawm makes a useful comment. Big business, he writes, "can come to terms with any regime that does not actually expropriate it, and any regime must come to terms with it."

Hobsbawm's account of the historic coalition of capitalist states and the Soviet Union has the special virtue of highlighting the extraordinary challenge that the Nazis posed to all peoples, countries and movements born of the Enlightenment. Thus he flatly asserts that Hitler "caused" World War II—a solid judgment, but a surprising one from a historian who has always stressed large social and economic movements. If conservatives, even Churchill, had been forced to choose between an alliance with communism or an alliance with fascism of the Italian variety, they would, in Hobsbawm's view, have chosen the latter; but Hitler represented something entirely new and not to be borne.

Hobsbawm's treatment of the cold war breaks ranks with customary left-wing interpretations, again with admirable results well beyond anything that can be outlined here. He argues that, as the century advanced, the image of world politics "as a duel between the forces of two rival social systems ... became increasingly unrealistic." As a consequence of that widespread unrealism, the cold war became "a contest of nightmares." Hobsbawm argues, reasonably but not altogether convincingly, that the cold war posed much less of a threat of nuclear war than seemed to be the case, and the fact does remain that the United States and the Soviet Union never did come to blows except by proxy and on a restricted scale. Despite the blather about the rollback of communism and the inexorable progress of world revolution, both sides accepted the division of the world into spheres of influence or power blocs. He may be pushing a good insight too far here, but he is probably right to insist that, notwithstanding the communists' ritualistic invocations of the inevitable triumph of socialism, the United States bears responsibility for the apocalyptic tone of the cold war.

In reviewing the century, Hobsbawm sensibly demonstrates the continuing analytical relevance of Marx; and yet his readings parallel, to a remarkable extent, the views of conservative theorists whom, with the exception of Schumpeter, he does not mention. He builds on Schumpeter's development of Kondratieff's theory of long waves in capitalist development, and on Schumpeter's development of Marx's ideas about the way in which capitalism relentlessly destroys the pre-capitalist institutions and values necessary for its social and political stability. Hobsbawm also recognizes, with refreshing frankness, that the ideological wars of the twentieth century have echoed the religious wars of earlier times, and that socialist, communist, fascist and even liberal ideologies emerged

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as secularized versions of Christian dogmatism or, more accurately, of the great Christian heresies. On this matter, he offers an analysis much closer to Eric Voegelin's dissection of "modern gnosticism" than he might wish to admit.

And the interesting correspondences do not end there. Hobsbawm never mentions Vilfredo Pareto, the Italian social thinker of the early decades of this century who was a pioneer in economic theory and its application to social change; but Hobsbawm's book conjures up nothing so much as Pareto's "circulation of elites." And his interpretations of twentieth-century history have unmistakable parallels to those of John Lukacs, the conservative Catholic historian who shares with Hobsbawm an encyclopedic range, a penchant for independent thought and an impatience with theories that do not work. Lukacs and Hobsbawm were on different sides during the cold war, they could hardly be further apart philosophically, and they never mention each other, but I can think of no more productive way to study the twentieth century than through a careful comparison of their work.

On one matter after another Hobsbawm, who remains devoted to the left, destroys its pet notions. But then he has been doing so all his life. More than twenty years ago, while the American left was wallowing in dreams of Third World revolutions that would somehow do for us what we could not do for ourselves, Hobsbawm was warning of failure and disillusionment, and buttressing his warnings with cold-eyed analysis of data that might be ignored but could not be discredited. In his new book, similarly, he makes short work of the self-defeating left-wing habit of treating every manifestation of conservative politics as "fascist." Quietly but firmly he annihilates the silly description of Franco, Pétain and Pinochet as fascists. He reminds American readers that the roots of Huey Long's movement lay in the populism of the left. And he recalls that the regimes of Juan Perón and Getúlio Vargas, which the left routinely describes as fascist, arose on the basis of the very kind of proletarian movements that Mussolini and Hitler destroyed.

Closer to our own day, Hobsbawm takes only a few sentences and a single, priceless footnote to expose the irrationality of radical feminist theory and, by extension, of much of the claptrap that now passes for radical social theory. But the American left, at least its radical part, has learned little or nothing from Hobsbawm, despite the ceremonial bows and the polite applause. The fault is partly his own, and it stems from his most attractive qualities. He has never had a taste for sectarian polemics and factional brawls. He prefers to articulate his positions by speaking calmly and scrupulously, giving no offense, and appealing to reason and deliberation. And so the radical left has been able to pretend not to notice what he is saying. Or worse, it may not be pretending. It may not have noticed. I cannot recall a single serious, concentrated discussion in American radical circles of the many historical and political insights that Hobsbawm has advanced in his books. He is the greatest of Marxist historians, but his influence on American Marxist historians has been marginal. Maybe nice guys do finish last.

And there is another count against his influence. Hobsbawm sets a largely unfollowed example in his realistic assessments of political adversaries. Thus he pays tribute to Ronald Reagan's "simple-minded idealism." He notes that the more sober elements of the British left have finally admitted that some of what Margaret Thatcher did had to be done. I wish he had given us an explanation for the British left's inability to indulge in constructive self-criticism before Thatcher came to power, so that it could have recognized the positive features of her program in time to offer constructive alternatives. I wish, too, that he would offer his thoughts on the comical refusal

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of the British left to see—as Hobsbawm himself saw and got savaged for saying—that the remarkable woman whom admirers call The Iron Lady was very much a radical and anything but another right-wing politician. After all, who except Hobsbawm would be willing to brave the wrath of his left-wing compatriots by writing that "the history of the European Resistance movements is largely mythological"? Who but Hobsbawm would acknowledge that the foreigners who fought for Franco were neither mercenaries nor adventurers but men who "went to fight for a cause"?

Hobsbawm writes as a historian, but he always aims to contribute to political thought and political action, and never more than in this book. In retrospect Hobsbawm finds that "the strength of the global socialist challenge to capitalism was that of the weakness of its opponent." And, in truth, many of us who supported the socialist bloc to the bitter end believed for a long time that the political Byzantinism, mass murders and bureaucratic rigidities of socialism would be overcome, that those horrors were all that was keeping capitalism afloat. We overestimated the weaknesses of capitalism and we underestimated the weaknesses of socialism. In effect, we remained convinced that capitalism could not solve its problems, but that socialism would solve its own. But those latter problems were not passing, they were intrinsic. And so our blunder, as blunders go, was a beaut.

Occasionally and without much conviction, Hobsbawm suggests that some new form of socialism might have a future, but nothing in his book encourages such a hope. He attributes the Soviet collapse in part to the decision of the Brezhnev regime to try to match the United States in the arms race, but he also makes clear that Brezhnev's decision merely exacerbated the rigidities of a command economy. Those rigidities appeared with full force when détente opened the way to the integration of the socialist economies into the global economic structure. Read Hobsbawm's acute analysis any way you want to read it and you end with two conclusions: a command economy cannot compete with a capitalist economy, and there is no reason to believe that a different kind of socialism could compete more effectively.

Indeed, everything in this book supports the notion that a "mixed economy" is superior to either socialist or free-market economies. Finally one is left with the impression that Hobsbawm now agrees that a mixed economy, however difficult to defend intellectually, is morally as well as economically preferable to the alternatives. If he wishes to believe, with some social democrats, that a mixed economy is "socialist," so be it. He knows that such a "socialism" is a far cry from what we thought we were fighting for when we joined or supported the communist or left-socialist movements.

The implications of Hobsbawm's realism are far-reaching. He seems to think that the coming struggles will take place between right-wing and left-wing versions of what we might call, for want of a better name, social corporatism, a politically regulated and socially responsible system of private property. The left-wing version may lessen inequality, reshape social stratification and render it more humane, replace current elites with more attractive ones and redefine the principle of authority in political, economic and social life. And yet, contrary to the dreams of a grand human "liberation" that are once again inundating us, the hard-headed analysis in Hobsbawm's book suggests that a left-wing social corporatism will not be able to do away with inequality, or stratification, or elites, or firm authority in economic, social and political life.

Hobsbawm's heart remains with the radical left, but his formidable head demolishes its every shibboleth, and so he cannot easily defend the egalitarian and radical-democratic ideals that he still occasionally still invokes, with a noticeable decline in conviction. Thus, despite some pulling of his punches, Hobsbawm exposes the contemporary rage for personal liberation as the cutting edge of a socially atomizing individualism that primarily serves the interests of the international conglomerates. Those conglomerates, as Samuel Francis has recently argued from the traditionalist right in *Beautiful Losers: Essays on The Failure of American Conservatism*, are working hard to transform everything and anything into commodities.

Hobsbawm is especially good at dissecting the effects of the rise of a youth culture that has snapped "the links between generations." Still, I confess to sniffing a bit at his assault on Hitler and Stalin for stifling avant-gardism in the arts. No, I do not wish to defend the repressions of Hitler and Stalin; but I do wish that Hobsbawm had considered the possibility that the avant-garde's assault on "bourgeois" culture, on all structures of authority, nourished the nihilism from which only the Nazis benefited during the first half of the century, and from which the most dangerous elements in our political life stand to benefit during the century ahead.

In a flash of graveyard humor, Hobsbawm describes the twentieth century as having ended both with a bang and a whimper. He has no blueprint for the coming century. He expresses some deep anxieties, but he does not surrender to a paralyzing pessimism. Thus he fears for the environment, and briefly but convincingly he identifies the threat to it from free-market policies. But he also makes clear, as few on the left do, that much contemporary environmentalism is a form of hysteria, and betrays a bourgeois contempt for the necessary trade-off between conservationism and an economic growth vital to poorer countries, and often manipulates public opinion in the service of sectarian political and ideological ends.

His grimmest thoughts recall those of Schumpeter a half-century ago. Schumpeter noted that during the next long wave of capitalist development the United States would be able to support millions of people on the dole, but that the economic, social and political costs might prove unacceptable. Writing toward the end of that long wave, Hobsbawm reasonably questions the ability of the economy to sustain even the economic cost of so vast a crime against humanity. That is, he raises sharply the question of just how much "welfare" the best-devised mixed economy and welfare state can afford. His nightmare is that the rich countries will find the poor countries economically "uninteresting" and decide to let them rot. And he notes that those who rot may well acquire nuclear weapons with which to express their unhappiness about rotting. And no less ominously he worries that those same advanced societies may find their own poor also uninteresting and condemn also them to rot. Hobsbawm serves up no panaceas; but he does define the problem with penetrating clarity and he does suggest that any solution, from the most humane to the least humane, will probably have to be worked out within the contours of a mixed economy in a world of irreversible economic integration and, paradoxically, of continued nation-state tensions.

Hobsbawm has often been charged, with some justification, with slighting the power and the persistence of nationalism, but his thoughtful formulations require much more careful attention than the critics normally offer. In his new book, he suggests that any solutions to the problems posed by an irreversible worldwide economic integration will have to lie in worldwide political integration. Astutely he notes that international big business could live easily with a plethora of small, weak nation-states. It would seem to follow, therefore, that only a supra-national political organization

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could make the economic establishment socially responsive. He may be only half-right. Under the actual conditions of world politics, the nationalist drives throughout the world, notwithstanding the risk of a descent into destructive tribalisms, may offer the only basis for resistance to the worldwide domination of big capital cut loose from social moorings.

Hobsbawm's sniping at America's intervention in the Persian Gulf, and at George Bush's clumsy assertion of a New World Order, does not prove helpful. Unlike most leftist critics, he takes a sober view of the mounting danger of nuclear, chemical and biological war in an era freed from the control of rival superpowers. But does not the responsibility for preventing the explosion of regional, continental and world wars fall upon a few powerful states, led by the United States? If so, the problems posed by the explosion of nationalism and the power of nation-states may be transformed drastically, but they are not likely to be overcome in the foreseeable future.

Eric Hobsbawm is one of the few genuinely great historians of our century. He is also the one genuinely great historian to come out of the Anglo-American Marxist left. I admit to my prejudice. He has been the strongest influence on my own work as a historian, and in 1979 I dedicated a book on black slave revolts to "Eric Hobsbawm: Our Main Man." I have made a great many mistakes in my life, but reading and rereading Hobsbawm's powerful new book I am relieved to see that I got at least that much right.

EUGENE D. GENOVESE's new book, *The Southern Front: History and Politics in the Cultural War*, will be published by the University of Missouri Press.

Out on a Limb

BY BRENT D. SHAW

The Resurrection of the Body in Western Christianity, 200-1336 by Caroline Walker Bynum

(Columbia University Press, 368 pp., $29.95)

Handel's *Messiah* is an icon of Western culture. No passive mandala of high devotion, the work is a popular ritual fervently performed by large numbers of people every Christmas season, though its original performances were more appropriately connected with Easter celebrations. Even jaded unbelievers lipsync their way through the lyrics, which are drawn from Paul's apocalyptic words in *I Corinthians*: "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." Every amateur singer knows that the reference is to the resurrection of the body that will take place, as the lyrics announce, "in the twinkling of an eye" before the Last Judgment; but few Yuletide singers give as much as a second thought to the rather ghoulish picture that is so vividly described, an image of themselves and their loved ones coming back to life, emerging from their earthly resting places to resume life in exactly their present bodies.

Two thousand years ago things were different. To most of the inhabitants of the cities and towns of the Roman empire who were not Christians, the claim for physical resurrection seemed bizarre, hilarious, a piece of low charlatanry. It stunned the "pagan" hearer with disbelief, and it provoked good questions about the sanity of those who proclaimed it. The feisty, somewhat defensive Christian retort was that they believed in the resurrection of the body "because it is so absurd."

To be sure, these same pagans had their own experience with stories about "returns from the grave." But they were mainly *coups de théâtre*, artificially staged "faked deaths" (or *Scheintode*, as scholars call them), which were widely disseminated in the romantic novels and the popular plays of the time. The eponymous heroine of the Greek romance *Leukippe* survived no less than three of these "deaths," one of them a spectacular sacrificial scene of garoting in which the executioner drove a knife into her side and pulled her intestines onto the ground. Leukippe came back to life by means of a disputed identity. It is revealed to the reader, later in the novel, that it was not the real Leukippe whom the executioner's knife had gutted, but an unhappy surrogate.

The claim that one's own body was actually going to revive from the grave at some point in the future was an embarrassing piece of nonsense. In this respect, and all our recent best-sellers about life after death notwithstanding, men and women in the late twentieth century seem to have become resolutely at one with the ancient pagans: frank embarrassment greets the suggestion of an embodied afterlife and a disinclination seriously to discuss the matter.

A detailed study of bodily resurrection might seem to be a matter of antiquarian or theological interest, except that the images evoked in the ancient debates over resurrection resonate with contemporary concerns about personal identity. Caroline Walker Bynum's book begins and ends with appeals to cinematic images, ranging from *Robocop* and *Quantum Leap* to *Total Recall* and *Star Trek*, whose iconography plays with the conditions under which we might lose the means by which we incorporate ourselves and so lose our self-definition. In these final decades of the twentieth century, moreover, we are anguished about the permanent alteration of the body by means of genetic engineering and about the evanescent evaporation of self in the unphysical element known as cyberspace.

It is not surprising, then, that one of the most powerful themes in the new historical writing, which began about a decade ago and was significantly stimulated by anxieties about gender identity, was the theme of the body, and more specifically the insistence that the body itself must have a history. Bynum is a medieval historian who has spent an academic lifetime with the history of the body. She is a true corporeal pioneer, since much of her work was done before "the body" became a hot item in her profession. A daring historian, she does not shrink from embodiment thought-experiments of an extreme order, wondering on one occasion what the result would be if her brain were transplanted into the body of the eminent historian Lawrence Stone.

Bynum transformed the study of feminine images of the body in her provocatively titled *Jesus as Mother*, which appeared in 1982, and she advanced five years later to the problem of food, bodily consumption and gender in *Holy Feast and Holy Fast: The Religious Significance of Food to Medieval Women*. Most spectacularly, there appeared a series of wonderful essays that set the stage for her general study of resurrection. Collected under the title *Fragmentation and Redemption: Essays on Gender and the Human Body in Medieval Religion*, they were published a few years ago by Zone Books, special-

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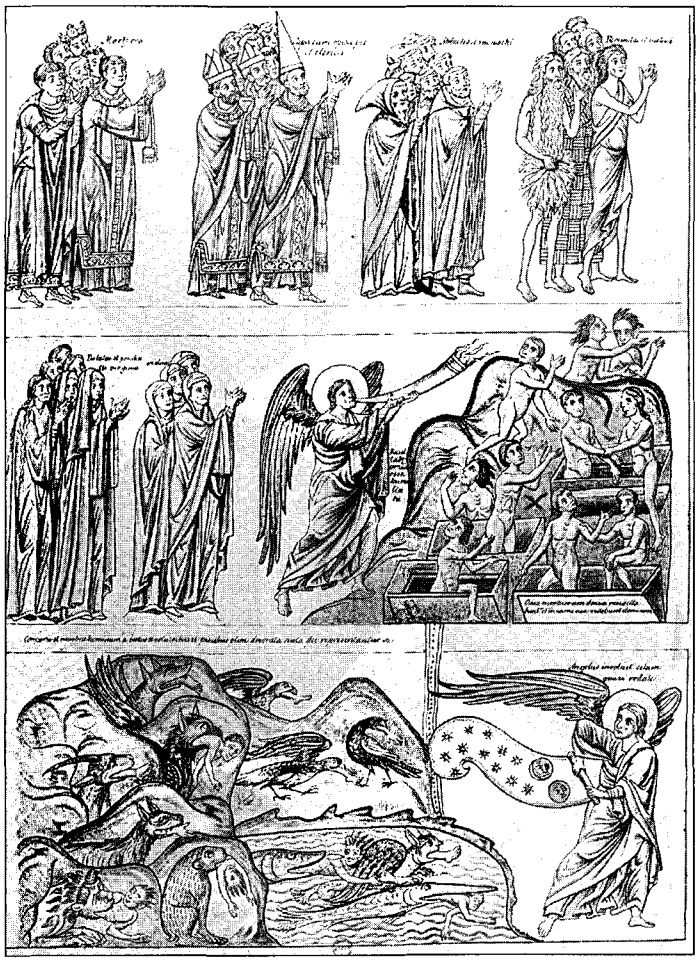
ists in the dramatic display of body history. There are few historians of whom one can say that they have actually shifted some of the landscape of the writing of history in their own generation, but Bynum is one of them.

Bynum's new book is the culmination of all these efforts, and it resembles her earlier studies in body history in the magnitude of the problem that it tackles and the novelty of perspective that it provides. It exemplifies the method of reading and writing history that Bynum has deployed with great success: a history of images, of the way in which humans have pictured their most cherished ideas, of the metaphors and the tropes that they have used to express what they want most urgently to convey to others and to themselves. Bynum is committed to the idea that a close reading of "specific images in the context of other images ... can guide us to the unspoken assumptions, especially the inconsistencies and conflicts, at the heart of a people's experience of the world." Since it demands a close and accurate reading of recondite texts in their original languages, her method could strike adepts of some current and stylish trends in the writing of history as rather arcane and old-fashioned. Not so. Although thoroughly founded on traditional expertise in languages and manuscripts, Bynum's method obviously owes much to the hermeneutic and symbolic influences on the current writing of history. Technical precision is not surrendered, but it is subordinated to interpretation, to the evocation of the power of images, both pictorial and verbal, over the bare power of words.



"THE LAST JUDGMENT AND GENERAL RESURRECTION" FROM HERRAD OF HOHENBOURG'S *HORTUS DELICIARUM*

Focusing on the images central to the resurrection of the body, Bynum notes that many of the early fathers of the Church used metaphors of broken and then reassembled jars, statues, ships or buildings to describe the process by which the resurrection of the body is attained. She further notices that this sort of mechanical image is quite different from the first Christian metaphor of the resurrected body, St. Paul's image of the new body as a plant regrown from a newly sown seed. The image of the resurrected body as a reassemblage of existing parts indicates to Bynum a concern with fixing a limited number of unit parts, a concern about containment and certainty, whereas Paul's picture has the "attendant implication that body is fluid, dynamic, potential, open to infinite development."

Bynum doggedly tracks these images of the body beyond death and these theatrical imaginings of how resurrection is actually to take place. She chooses four historical junctures at which the nature of the living body, and therefore of the post-resurrection body, came into question: in the early third century, in the late fourth century, in the twelfth century and in the transitional decades from the thirteenth to fourteenth centuries of the late middle ages.

She discovers that the original Christian image of resurrection, Paul's botanical picture of the resurrected body as a "seedling" or a "new growth" rapidly falls by the wayside. In the first extensive explication of Christian doctrine in Latin in the West, around 200, Tertullian of Carthage already fixed a different vision of life after death. Although the botanical metaphor never entirely disappears, it is decisively trumped by other pictures of the process, mainly by a more mechanical image of the reassemblage of existing body parts. Bynum sees this as largely due to the success of other images and practices connected with death.

It may well be, though, that the increasing importance of baptism, the other significant Christian rite of passage, accounts for the abandonment of the seedling metaphor in the context of physical death. One wishes that Bynum had paid more attention to the parallel imagery of rebirth through baptism. It may be that the image of "new growth" and a flourishing "new plant" was simply taken over to designate the "new person" who emerged from the baptismal washing. Indeed, the terms *neophytus* and *neophyta* (a man or a woman as a "new growth," precisely our word "neophyte") was appropriated and consistently used for the baptismal person who set the stage for the later bodily resurrection of the self. For many Christians of the time, it was baptism, not bodily resurrection, that was seen to be the beginning of the "new growth" that marked the person who was thus "born again."

The next important change of imagery connected with the resurrected body, the new picture that characterizes the thirteenth and later centuries, is a move away from metaphors of physical "reassemblage of parts" by which a renewed body is provided to house the soul, toward metaphors of human affection. The soul is said "to need, to desire, to love and to yearn for body, as a man loves a beautiful virgin," a novel vision which Bynum takes to signal that now "desire is at the heart of person; it is the metaphysical cement binding body to soul."

As the millenialist heat of primitive Christianity cooled in the post-Pauline generations, it became clear to Christian thinkers, and also to everyday believers, that something must be happening to the deceased self in the interval between the death of the individual and "that terrible day" when all would be resurrected to face a Final Judgment. Bynum describes how concerns about this interlude assumed a special urgency in late medieval texts. But the imagery is already present in the beginning. When the martyr Perpetua had dreams in her prison cell at Carthage in A.D. 203, she

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saw a vision of her dead brother in the afterlife waiting in a "holding pattern" for the final day; but he is already embodied, he is hungry and thirsty, he bears a terrible scar of the facial cancer that killed him. Her prayers and interventions alter his body and alleviate his thirst. When Perpetua sees him in a subsequent vision, his face is healed and he is leaping about "playing games as young children are accustomed to do."

Endlessly unresolved debates as to whether this place is really purgatory should not distract us from the fact that even in this intermediate space Christians already saw their dead as embodied. The question became more and more pressing as the interstitial time and space became developed into a full-blown image of what happened to the soul awaiting the Last Judgment. As Bynum convincingly demonstrates in her discussion of purgatory and in her discussion of the thirteenth-century debates over the nature of the soul, the somatic impulses of Western culture have been so strong that images of the body have long tended to invade conceptions of the soul. Even in its technically most disembodied moment, that is, in the waiting zone of purgatory, the soul came to be imagined as corporeal in nature. But that, too, was nothing unprecedented. It had a long and deep history in the West, extending back to Tertullian and his Stoic precursors, for whom the spirit or soul (*anima*) was like one body nested within another.

Here we come to Bynum's larger and more repercussive themes. She claims to have discovered two broad conceptions of the body of the resurrected person, two visions that run like a common thread through each of her four historical periods, and compete with each other over more than 1,000 years of Western culture. These two conceptions were already present in the very beginnings of Christianity, in the debates over the nature of Christ's body as either spiritual or actual flesh. Origen, the Christian Platonist from early-third-century Alexandria, was a firm proponent of what we could call the "light body" model of embodiment after death. He hypothesized a resurrection body that was a spiritual thing that led an ethereal and soullike existence. His contemporary from the West, Tertullian of Carthage, espoused what we might call the "hard body" model. He forcefully argued that the resurrection of the self took place in a real flesh-and-blood body. For Tertullian, the same body that we have in this life is brought back to life in a renewed, carnal self. This model of the resurrection body entails a process by which we get our body back in resurrection which Bynum calls "reassemblage." The elements of our body—corrupted, rotted, diseased, devoured and dispersed following our decease—will be joined again, bit by bit, like the pieces of a broken statue glued back together.

What emerges from Bynum's careful tracing of the vivid debates about resurrection, and her scrutiny of the images connected with the idea, is a division between East and West in Christendom's view of the resurrected body. It is the "hard body" model that predominates in the arguments and the images of the Western Roman empire and late medieval Europe. There were occasional attempts in the West to argue for the "light body" model; the late-fourth-century church father Ambrose, the ninth-century Irish theologue John Scotus "Erigena" or even the great Aquinas (whose own corpse was subject to a grisly episode of boiling and rendering) are examples. Still, for all his intellectual power in arguing a complex and intelligent Platonist position that resolved many of the glaring contradictions required by a literal bodily resurrection, Aquinas was the loser. As Bynum succinctly concludes: "What is interesting ... is less the intellectual breakthrough the theory represents than the non-event it turned out to be." In the Western lands, the proponents of a more abstract existence after death were exceptions to the rule, or anathematized as heretical, or simply ignored.

The Western conception, forged by the polemical Tertullian, was worked into canonical form by the cooler Augustine. Augustine himself is a good illustration of the way in which the "hard body" model triumphed in one man's thinking, and of the social pressures in the West to embody the afterlife. Within his own lifetime, Augustine moved from the ethereal Platonic model to the one that seemed finally acceptable in the West. It is his modulated version of Tertullian's "hard body" on which almost all of Bynum's medieval writers depend.

Why were Augustine and his successors compelled in the direction of the "hard body" model? The choice seems to have been dictated as much by an aesthetic sense of self as by anything else. For the sake of appearances, even Augustine agreed that we are to have teeth (though we will not need to eat); and that sexual organs and gender characteristics will be maintained (though they would be of no use, since there will be no reproduction or sexual pleasure); and that women will display full heads of hair (vanity) and men will have beards (more vanity). We will resurrect in 30-year-old bodies in the prime of their physical development, and we will be clothed in the attire appropriate to our condition in this life.

But there is another, more obvious reason for the triumph of the idea of full physical resurrection. It is that the vast majority of parishioners wished it so, and not even the philosophical powers of Augustine could persuade them of the merits of a spiritualized afterlife. By converting to a distinctly embodied model of afterlife, Augustine was acting practically. The more corporeal model allowed him to respond to pressing questions: "Will fetuses rise? Will Siamese twins be two people or one in the resurrection? Will we all be the same sex in heaven? Will deformities and mutilations appear in heaven? Will nail and hair clippings all return to the body to which they originally belonged?" The people who asked such questions were already committed to an embodied afterlife. They were just worried about the details. Indeed, Christians of Augustine's day treated their deceased who were waiting in "the cooler" (*refrigerium*) for the day of resurrection as if they had bodies. They fed and watered them, and at least once every year they sang, danced, partied and picnicked with the dead at their graves.

The Western church fathers and their successors, quite unlike their Platonic peers in the East, were thoroughly pragmatic. Their writings are relentlessly pastoral in tone and concern. And so, too, is their image of the resurrected body. It did not matter that the "hard body" model, the reassemblage of bodily pieces by which we are to achieve our resurrected self, occasioned some of the strangest curiosities of scholasticism. The case of cannibals, for example, posed a dilemma. Which resurrected body is to get the digested human flesh? Here the medieval writers lapsed onto the position staked out by Augustine to "this most difficult question" in his *City of God*:

> If someone, consumed and driven by hunger eats human flesh—which evil sometimes happens, as both ancient history and the unhappy experience of our own days has shown ... [nevertheless] all-powerful God can recall the lost flesh. The consumed flesh will be restored to the person in whom it first became human flesh. For it must be thought of as a sort of legally binding loan, and, just like a monetary debt, must be returned to the lender from whom it was borrowed.

It was a view to be reiterated with increasingly bizarre applications by Peter Lombard in his *Sententiae* in the twelfth century. In the thirteenth century, Aquinas speculated "about the case

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of a man who ate only human embryos who generated a child who ate only human embryos." If flesh resurrected only in the one who possessed it first, you see, the child would not rise at all.

The accompanying pictorial representations of resurrections—they are almost always a subordinate part of a larger eschatological image, usually the Last Judgment—feature various and sundry creatures of the land, sea and air spewing back legs, arms, eyes, heads and other devoured elements of deceased human bodies. The miniatures illustrating scenes from the Last Judgment in the *Hortus Deliciarum* of Herrad, the twelfth-century abbess of Hohenbourg, feature bodies resurrecting while birds, beasts and fish regurgitate body parts for reassemblage. A thirteenth-century miniature from Bamberg-Eichstatt features corpses rising from coffins, disentangling themselves from their funeral shrouds, while the revived dead receive missing body parts from the animals that had devoured them.

Why this concern with the embodiment of the self in the West? From beginning to end, Bynum is clear on what she regards as the primary motive force behind this fantastic iconography. It was fear. "The ultimate context for the tradition ... is not a particular historical moment but a *longue durée* of terror." A pervasive fear of death, and of the disappearance of our selves when our bodies are devoured by decomposition in earth or by the maws of hell. But surely this cannot explain the fundamental differences between Eastern and Western Christians. Did the Christians in the East fear death any less?

Bynum protests that the long-term historical contest between different images of our body in the afterlife was not a "displaced discussion of power or of status, of sensuality, gender or sex," and she admirably chooses not to condescend to her subjects from her own modernity, and to take her materials at their word: "it was a discussion exactly as its proponents said it was—of death." Her sources were animated, she believes, primarily by the fear of their own mortality. But Bynum's shifts of imagery do seem to have been implicated in those other concerns, including status, sex and gender. An obvious counterexample is provided by the writings of Jerome, that prurient theologian of late-fourth-century Rome.

Jerome stridently supported a literal embodiment of the postresurrection person, and Bynum attributes his view to morbid fear, in this case to a generalized "fear of change" on Jerome's part. But people do not fear change in general; they fear change in particular. From Bynum's own analysis, it is clear that Jerome feared certain changes in social hierarchy and gender. We can sense this in the words he used to oppose women who accepted a more nebulous vision of the self in paradise:

> Such women take pleasure, fondling their breasts, feeling their stomachs, touching their loins, thighs, and smooth cheeks, and say: "Why should it concern us that *this* fragile body be resurrected? Rather, we shall be like angels and have an angelic nature." So they disdain to be raised in flesh and bones as Christ himself was raised.

Jerome did not want these women, even if they were Christians, to be let "off the hook" in the afterlife. They were to be there, with their inherently inferior bodies, to suffer regret in the flesh.

As Bynum's own work shows, Jerome's fervent support of a resurrected body that called for the literal reassemblage of the parts must be closely linked to his secular anxieties. It is well known that in the 380s Jerome was deeply involved in a series of acerbic debates about the status of the body. These ideological wars, although they were conducted solely between elite males, were not just about their own asceticism, they were also over the status of the female body. It is this great contest, a battle over the Church, its resources and its adherents, that created those other two enduring images of Western civilization, the Evil Eve and the Virgin Mary. On the one side were Jerome and Ambrose, who insisted on the ever-virginal status of Mary and a manifest hierarchy of sexual purity. On the other side stood Helvidius and Jovinian, who argued for the essential good of creation and procreative sex, and for the fundamental equality of all Christians. Jerome's stance on the body must surely be related to this conflict over status and gender, as is betokened by his insistence on maintaining gender hierarchies in the bodies of the hereafter. Men like Jerome fought simultaneously for a harshly polarized ideal of female deportment and for a model of the resurrected body that was so tangible that it would retain all the advantages and the disadvantages of gender in this world.

Since she believes that the fear of death was the cause of the Western conception of the resurrected body, Bynum repairs to the history of death, to the actual burial practices of Christians and their ideal types of death as they change throughout her model time periods, as the proper context for her discussion. For late antiquity, she adduces the death and the body of the martyr; for the late middle ages, the heightened power and mobility of the segmented body parts of saintly persons. Just as the bodies of the martyrs of the early church are to be restored whole, even after they had been rent and torn by the claws and fangs of wild animals in the arena, so will the resurrected body of each believer be fully restored, so that "not a single hair will be lost."

And the process could be reversed: the power inherent in the dead body of a saint, even remnant pieces of it, could be used. In late medieval Europe one could extend and mobilize that power by spreading those bodily parts about. Indeed, in the latter period even the bodies of the rich and famous were so empowered, leading to the macabre "German custom," or *mos Teutonicus*, of

The Greenhouse Effect

Funny how all it wants is the slightest shift
In the casual edifice circumambient and the roof
Just caves in—whammo!—leaving everybody blinking
And pointing fingers, although who among us
Hasn't driven a car or sprayed an armpit
Or hewn a tree or burned a buffalo chip,
And if everyone's responsible, of course no one is,
Reason why our earthly tenement remains untended
And the temptation is strong to look elsewhere.
As if there weren't enough on our plate already!
People in high places, people plain everyplace,
And now the sky's three degrees out of whack.
Then how shall we inhabit this gimcrack abattoir?
It's use it or lose it vs. use it and use it up,
And frankly it seems the powers that be are rather
Going to extremes to make an unoriginal point:
Impracticality of breathing, self-defeating nature
Of getting up in the morning, precariousness of, etc.
Pathetic, what it is, the human condition, living
At the beck of a whimsical implacability,
Infesting an accident, the mere fissure between
Crescendos of temperature, blast furnaces in space,
And a -459.6° *F.* of the mind. Absolutely pathetic,
And the glaciers weep in their beds, the bergs
Groan calving in the sea, the eastern air
Blushes to behold us, het-up haematotherms.

GEORGE BRADLEY

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butchering the corpses of nobles and churchmen into pieces to be shipped hither and yon as miniature loci of sacred power. Thus the cloister of Erbach in Oberfranken harbored the "hearts of thirty-three deceased bishops" and the "tripe chapel" at Magdeburg the bowels of dead church officials. For the visually morbid, the bodily parts were encased in ornately decorated containers shaped in the form of the limb or organ, and equipped with crystalline see-through portals.

There is a danger, however, that these are only more images, that Bynum is using images to explain images. And this danger might be linked to another article of faith of the new history that Bynum practices: that the texts of the past must be understood in their own terms. Such an internal understanding is, no doubt, a part of a historian's duty. But surely it is not the whole. If historians restrict themselves to this approach, then they will fail to consider all of the forces of which individual historical actors are unaware, and about which they do not speak.

Take an example. It is true that the cult of the martyrs involved empathetic death-rituals, including the veneration of bits and pieces of corporeal remains. But it was also one of the most obviously political of religious practices. Cults of the martyrs and saints emerged in the context of popular and elite power struggles over the resources of the Church. They invariably entailed manipulation by the weak and the powerful for their own secular advantage. Everything from the appointment of bishops to the establishment of great religious foundations (and their wealth and patronage) was at stake. The correlated imagery, found in the Christian martyr acts, is grossly determined by this politics of death.

The dead were indeed useful; but the ways in which they were utilized were allied to specific "historical moments." The social forces that were particular to a given historical epoch offer a better explanatory context, for concepts of self and embodiment in the hereafter, than a generalized, ahistorical, long-term fear. If the relation of body to soul in the late middle ages was described in the imagery of lovers, then this must be related to the increasing importance of new ideas of secular love in the period; and those new ideas, in turn, must be related to the emergence of new economic individuals.

Concerning this critical juncture in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Bynum begins by noting that "all descriptions of the period emphasize its greater social stratification, the emergence of finer gradations of secular and ecclesiastical hierarchy, and the manifestation of status and class differences in details of dress, ritual, and manners." She then remarks upon the significance of an emerging medical science to new perspectives on the body. But these are precisely the types of historically specific causes that she seems to reject elsewhere. Besides, one can easily reverse this field of images. The imagery connected with resurrection (birth, growth, reassemblage of parts, love and desire) can be seen as providing the explanatory context for martyrdom and the *mos Teutonicus*, rather than the other way around. One could just as easily argue, and perhaps more plausibly, that early Christian martyrs were motivated to die by a particular conception of an embodied life after death.

There is an even deeper flaw in Bynum's work that goes to the heart of her analysis of the images themselves. In the latter half of her book, which concerns medieval Europe, she provides a rich harvest of visual images for the reader's inspection. For the equally important first half of her book, which covers the first to sixth centuries and lays the foundation for the whole work, she relies entirely upon literary texts and provides no images at all. This absence is significant. For the visual depictions of resurrection produced by the early Christians are profuse and available for study. And more importantly, even a quick study of those visual depictions will reveal an account of the resurrected body that differs from the account that Bynum derives from the written texts of the early church fathers.

These early images do not show the fragmentation and the reassemblage of broken bits. They appear on colorful frescoes on the walls of the catacombs, on reliefs on stone sarcophagi, on decorations for terracotta lighting lamps, on carved tombstones. Although an exact numerical count of the principal metaphors relating to resurrection is difficult to attain, the favorite ones are easy to discern. The most popular is Jonah and the sea monster: his being devoured (death), his regurgitation as a whole person (resurrection), his subsequent residence in paradise. Almost as popular as the image of Jonah are the images of Jesus's resurrections of Lazarus and the daughter of Jairus. Others such as Noah and the ark or, more prosaically, the lush vegetal ornamentation on many catacomb frescoes and tomb relief-sculptures that depict the annual cycle of the seasons, are used as iconic and metaphoric representations of death and resurrection.

These images, and the ones associated with martyrdom, such as the three young men in the fiery furnace, manifestly suggest a concept of resurrection, and of the resurrected body, that is much closer to Paul's plant metaphor of wholeness, regrowth and physical continuity than to a mechanistic image of fragmentation and reassemblage. One must remember that these recurrent popular images were ones selected by early Christians from an iconographical repertory that is so consistent in its range as to leave little doubt about the believers' pictures of the afterlife. This history of visual imagery, sadly neglected by Bynum, opens a new field of inquiry that is directly relevant to her preferred historical method.

One might well wonder, indeed, if a history of images, no matter how rich and sophisticated, is a sufficient method. In Bynum's book it seems to want some quite traditional supplements, additional secular explanations that need not, as she herself argues, reduce the images to those causes alone. Certainly the origins of this bizarre idea of physical resurrection are hard to understand solely in terms of imagery, and so is the idea's continued force. These matters are both more complicated and simpler than Bynum thinks.

On the question of origins, for example, Bynum is surely wrong in holding that bodily resurrection was an idea and practice central to a number of faiths, including Rabbinic Judaism. Whatever technical roots the concept of bodily resurrection may have had in pre-Rabbinic Judaism (to be precise, in celebrations of the Maccabean martyrs), it seems certain that Rabbinic Judaism, and the daily beliefs of large numbers of Jews in the Western Roman empire as attested on their tombstones, had turned its back on bodily resurrection as a central tenet of practice.

Many thousands of epitaphs on Christian tombstones from the Roman empire proclaim the belief in an embodied life after death as absolutely central to an evaluation of this life. Such a sentiment is singularly absent on the Jewish stones of the same period. Instead the Jewish funerary texts resolutely emphasize the good and decent life that had been lived by the deceased; they are testaments that the man or the woman was a good human being who ought to be held in the memory of those left behind. Bodily resurrection is a very peculiar and idiosyncratic Christian concept. It was developed, like the striking images of a final "day of judgment" and the "tribunal of the Lord," in response to images suggested by Roman imperial power.

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Still, Bynum's achievement is considerable. In showing the extent to which popular and elite thinking and practice in the West has been committed, through all adversity, to an embodied self, even beyond the grave, and the extent to which it has been resolutely resistant to any tampering with this commitment to a peculiar sense of identity, Bynum has contributed a great deal to a better "inventory of differences" between ourselves and others. We have been so wedded to the concept of an embodied self, even in heaven, that we would surrender paradise rather than this conception of our self. In her survey of the history of resurrection from Paul to Dante (who completed his great poem in the generation before an orgy of death was to transform European society), Bynum does indeed tell the story of a "notion of stunning oddness."

In this remarkable story, she sees a little suggestion for the present-day writing of history. As she wrote in the introduction to *Fragmentation and Redemption*:

> Bodily resurrection at the end of time is, in a technical sense, a comic—that is, a contrived and brave—happy ending.... I find a comic stance empowering both as an historian and as a human being. Why not take the notion of digested and regurgitated fragments as a metaphor of the historian's subject matter? And why not—whatever despair we may feel concerning resurrection and reassemblage—find comic relief in the human determination to assert wholeness in the face of inevitable decay and fragmentation?

In the solemn and overwrought academic world in which history is now being written, why not?

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Love in the Time of Cholera

BY ALAIN DE BOTTON

Women and Men: A Philosophical Conversation by Françoise Giroud and Bernard-Henri Lévy translated by Richard Miller

(Little, Brown, 240 pp., $22.95)

Women and Men falls into a category of books whose interest lies largely outside its authors' intentions. Though the book purports to enlighten us about the nature of love, it succeeds only in presenting a picture of a certain vision of French gender politics, of Parisian intellectual discourse and the curious tastes of a French public that recently made it into a best-seller. Bernard-Henri Lévy, who the jacket cover asks us to believe is a philosopher, and Françoise Giroud, a compatriot who is more plausibly described as a journalist, have published a transcription of a series of conversations they had while sitting under a fig tree in Paris, during which they discussed the topic of love, dwelling specifically on jealousy, eroticism, fidelity and marriage.

Though they tell us nothing but banalities about these matters, the authors do detain our attention. They are useful examples of the Romantic approach to interpersonal psychology. Trusting themselves to be passionate people, Lévy and Giroud do not wish to make exaggerated claims for the power of reason. They subscribe to the view that nothing we can learn about relationships can be counted on to alter those relationships. "Does the fact of 'knowing,' of having 'data,' keep racists from being racists, Communists from being Communists?" asks Lévy, thereby doing little justice to the cause that philosophers have always espoused—namely, that knowledge is more than mere data, that the application of clear and careful thought to the empirically given may prod behavior toward goodness.

Freed from the tiresome Socratic command to search for answers, these conversations amount to nothing more than an anecdotal and meandering exchange of observations. It is in this shapelessness that we are supposed to find charm. At one point Giroud and Lévy start talking of Denis de Rougemont's *Love in the Western World*. Unfortunately, neither of them has read it properly. "What does he say exactly?" puzzles Lévy. "It has been a long time," says Giroud. But this absence of erudition does not inhibit both speakers' taste for the grand statement. Lévy proclaims that women are not, and can never be, truly liberated. Giroud disagrees violently, but she makes her case in disarmingly local terms. "I'll introduce you to some," she says. "No, they don't exist," replies the ungrateful Lévy. Whenever one party produces a genuine argument, the other rushes to destroy it with astonishing banality. "I don't see how you can continue to be 'in favor' of marriage," Giroud says to Lévy. "I don't know why not," he answers. "Because, if you'll forgive my saying so, you've failed with two," Giroud reminds him, raising the conservation to unsuspected heights. "I certainly don't have the feeling that I've 'failed' in any way at all," snaps Lévy.

Giroud's and Lévy's qualifications for talking about relationships seem based on little other than the fact that they have had a few. "Françoise, do you like men?" asks Lévy at the beginning of the book. "I love them," she answers reassuringly, "their big feet, their little weaknesses..." (She does limit her love to handsome men, arguing that she could never have slept with Jean-Paul Sartre or Raymond Aron.) Lévy is more coy, and will only go so far as to say that he is "one of those men who—how shall I put it?—is aware of women."

When it is not a charmingly Pinteresque *dialogue de sourds*, the book is rife with pretension. The presentation of intelligent ideas never seems as important as a display of names of thinkers who once had intelligent ideas, but who neither Giroud nor Lévy seem to have imbibed with care. Thus the so-called philosopher takes pleasure in informing us that "desire is like Cartesian movement: it is continuous," as though other less grandly named things were not also continuous, such as cars moving along a highway or goods on a factory conveyor belt.

The journalist does no better. She, too, reaches beyond her grasp, arguing for implausibly broad changes in human inner development. "I don't believe that anyone still dares ... to come right out and say I love you," says Giroud. It is the sort of sweeping statement more or less inaugurated by Virginia Woolf when she declared that human nature changed in December 1910. For his part, Lévy is sure that "feelings are coming back stronger than ever" into the cinema, while Giroud sees a "widespread loss of appetite" among the young, and also finds time to tell us that no man could today write of love like Heine. (Why Heine?)

If we are tempted to continue reading, we are better off approaching the book as a kind of novel, in which Giroud and Lévy unwittingly reveal more about their own characters than about love. Lévy provides us with the perfect portrait of the modern misogynist. "Women are formidable and intimidating creatures

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with a unique ability to play with men, to dazzle them, to fascinate them—and, on occasion, to bring them ruin. I'm rather fond of this notion of women's inordinate power," he says. Inordinate power appears cute to Lévy when it is merely a woman who has it. Real examples of women's power, rather than fantasized ones, are not much to Lévy's tastes: "I'd have a hard time loving a female banker. Or a businesswoman," he says, adding with Cartesian clarity that these types often do not have the time to arrange their hair and that their makeup tends not to be well applied.

Though a woman may have an inordinate power over him, Lévy says, "when I'm having lunch with a woman, I find the very thought of her picking up the check incongruous.... And as for the idea of splitting it ... let's not even talk about that." But Lévy wants to be helpful to women in more ways than simply paying the bill. "I know many women whose sexual experiences have always involved something bitter, something incomplete, because of an indifferent or clumsy male who has left them with their desire unsatisfied," laments Giroud. This is a challenge that Lévy cannot resist: "I am here to tell you—to tell them—that I can introduce you to men who are more adept, or at least less indifferent." Giroud does not venerate the opposite sex as Lévy claims to do. "A man is not a woman," she intuits, a little guilty, perhaps, that she cannot match Lévy's enthusiasm. "A naked man can easily become ridiculous when he's not in the full flush of his manhood." Nor does Giroud like male habits. "I don't like their smelling of cigars ... even if I bravely put up with it out of respect for their freedom."

Unsurprisingly, Lévy contends throughout the book that feminism has not produced any marked changes in relations between the sexes. "Women are behaving differently," he concedes, "But their inner thoughts ... the way they view themselves and others has remained basically unchanged." This is the source of much friction with Giroud, who argues for a greater change in relations between men and women, though this might be a flattering way of describing her occasional outbursts to Lévy: "You're not only convinced that men are stronger, more intelligent, more courageous, more creative, more logical—in short superior!—but you think that women are wearing themselves out imitating them.... Oh, you make me sad!"

In trying to account for the popularity of the book among French readers, one might suggest that *Women and Men* offered them an illusion of a philosophical elucidation of a perennially tortured topic, while delivering a message that was essentially banal and reactionary. "Men have suffered, are suffering, thrown off balance by dynamic, victorious women," declares Giroud at one moment, putting her finger on what may be the unconscious core of the book. "Fortunately they are less numerous in France than elsewhere, in the United States especially, where they're really unhappy. In France, relations between men and women are and remain the best in the world." How nice.

ALAIN DE BOTTON is the author of *On Love* (Atlantic Monthly Press) and the forthcoming *The Romantic Movement* (Picador/St. Martin's Press).

TRB *continued from page 4*

All told, blacks had cause to feel doubly betrayed—by the Tyson verdict, but also by liberals. To be sure, one double betrayal is hardly enough to explain the paranoia now seen among some blacks (such as tales that AIDS is government-sponsored genocide). Still, that not a single white op-ed columnist seems to have noted the manifest credibility of black doubts about the high-profile Tyson verdict suggests that tons of valid black grievances may have accumulated over the years without the rest of us noticing. (It took Rodney King to show me what many already knew about the LAPD.) It's hardly shocking that so many blacks reflexively side with Simpson.

Which isn't to say their sympathy is well placed. Assuming reports about the coming DNA evidence are correct, it alone will establish with around 99.9999 percent confidence that Simpson killed his ex-wife. Another contrast with Tyson is that Simpson isn't judicially handicapped by his race. He has a mostly black jury and, besides, is a country-club black, a glad-handing celebrity whom white jurors don't find threatening. Indeed, for practical purposes Simpson is an upper-class white defendant; his pricey lawyers tediously ensure that the standards of proof are higher for him than for the countless poorer blacks (and whites) who get convicted on flimsier evidence; he is the symbolic equivalent of William Kennedy Smith, proof of systemic discrimination by class—which, de facto, means discrimination by race. That's why black outrage at a Simpson conviction would be misplaced.

But equally misplaced would be middle-class white outrage over an acquittal. Pundits are already predicting "volcanic" white indignation about the courts' failure to protect law-abiding Americans. But in truth, convictions against garden-variety criminals are usually a cinch, notwithstanding those well-worn anti-ACLU anecdotes. If courts are failing the cause of law and order, it's largely because they're overloaded. And one reason for the overload is slow-motion trials for well-to-do people like Simpson. *That's* an appropriate source of middle-American outrage, whatever the Simpson verdict.

The most legitimately dispiriting thing about an acquittal would be the spectacle of a mostly black jury failing to condemn a plainly guilty black man—more grim testament to the widening gulf between white and black America. I'm actually predicting conviction (unlike most lawyers polled); I don't think race relations are *quite* that bad. But if they are, it's no wonder.

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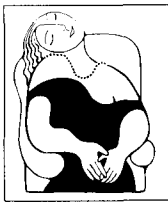
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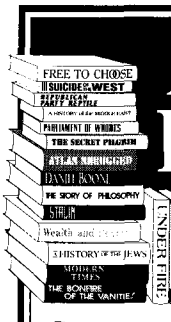
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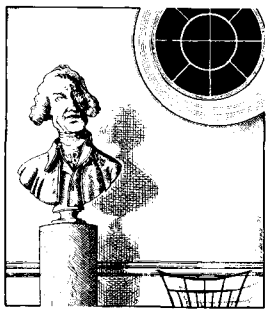
LONDON DIARIST

Enemies

BILL CLINTON HAS APPARENTLY decided to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of V-E Day in Moscow after all. And why not? If I were he, I'd want to get out of Washington anytime I could. But his decision actually followed a concession from Boris Yeltsin to demilitarize the observance so the American president is not seen consorting with those who are still inflicting atrocities on the civilians of Chechnya. Now, the Russian Army is not exactly inexperienced in brutalities, and in many ways it rivaled the Nazis in demonic imagination. Of course, its Chechnya brutalities hardly match its earlier ones. But while World War II was not fought over atrocities, the big losers, Germany and Japan, were particularly vulnerable because they elevated atrocity from an occasional tactic to an intrinsic strategy.

THE DEFEATED HAVE BEEN TRYING to turn the tables on the victors for some years now. In this effort they have had the help of the guilt romantics, so numerous in America that they almost form a characterological sub-group of the population. A few weeks ago Western television screens were filled with film footage of the firebombing of Dresden to mark its fiftieth anniversary. Some of the Brits I've been talking to this week were still smarting from this treatment; it compounded the sense of injury they felt when, a few years ago, the Germans expressed their disapproval of a statue (dedicated by the Queen Mum) to "Bomber Harris," the British pilot who led the bombing missions over Dresden. This year's commemorations are troubling for the wider questions they beg. Should the Allies, meaning in this case the Brits, not also feel contrition, given that the act was conceived chiefly as an act of revenge? Or is it just, as some people seem to feel, that Dresden was such an architecturally beautiful city?

THEN THERE IS THE MATTER OF Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which raises the question of *our* contrition. I have before me a letter from the writer Philip Nobile who is doing a book on the atomic bombings in which he asks whether "perhaps the time has come for an American apology." He wants my opinion. He tells me that "David McCullough, Edward Teller and Arthur Schlesinger have said no to the concept" and that "Linus Pauling, Nat Hentoff and Gary Wills have said yes." Choose sides. Back in 1981 TNR ran an essay by Paul Fussell insisting on the justice of President Truman's decision in mid-summer of 1945. This piece was at once an historical argument and an examination of moral choice—and in no way flip. Still, no division of the magazine in years was as deep as the one which followed the article's publication. No, not even *The Bell Curve.*



I'VE BEEN READING *The Wages of Guilt: Memories of War in Germany and Japan* by the journalist and TNR contributor Ian Buruma. Full of stunningly textured insights, the book was published in late 1994 and so should still be in the bookstores. It will certainly be relevant to the debate which will rage as we get closer to August 6. This is a macabre travel book, a journey to places in which the memories of war are vivid and haunt both conscience and consciousness. It is a comparative book, and the comparisons are stark. Let me put this a little crudely: the Germans have kept their diaries of the past, worked on them, reconsidered them, worked on them again, not to obscure but to reveal. Any serious person you meet in Germany has wrestled with the war, the Holocaust and the war. This is not the case at the other end of the Axis which, to be sure, did not enact a genocide. By and large, the Japanese are deniers, and they use the two atomic bombings to nullify the evidence of that about which they do not want us to know and do not want to know themselves. See how far you will get in conversation, for example, if you raise the Nanking Massacre with most Japanese, even very thoughtful ones. More likely, you will not, upon further consideration, raise the matter at all. You know it will offend and you don't want to be impolite.

ALL THIS CAME TO MIND WHEN I read the recent front-page *New York Times* story about Japanese atrocities—specifically the use of Chinese prisoners for brutal experiments involving chemical and biological agents—during the war. It's not clear what provoked this attention just now. What the *Times* detailed surely is already well known although not quite absorbed. Of course, there had been war crimes proceedings after the war. And, then, beginning some fifteen years ago, random individuals began to speak out: a filmmaker, a novelist, a veteran of the invasion of China, among others. The secrets could not be suppressed forever. In 1981 and 1982, the Japanese press was suddenly full of the grim truths.

WHAT IS SURPRISING, IN FACT, IS that while the Japanese were learning, however reluctantly, about what their soldiers did during the war, the information was not passed on to American readers by American journalists stationed in Japan. Quick to pick up leads, American scholars have mined the materials ever since. But American knowledge of the most barbaric practices by the Japanese goes back at least to 1945. Japan's Unit 731 performed vast medical experiments whose cruelties rivaled Dr. Mengele's. These apparently did not quite shock American officials when they discovered this line of research right after the war, or did not shock them enough. Buruma tells us that guilty Japanese doctors were let free in exchange for their data.

MAYBE THIS BIG PLAY GIVEN BY THE *Times* to the evidence, at once shrouded but public, of Japanese crimes against humanity will mute the call for American remorse about the bomb. If anything, in fact, this evidence bolsters the case for why dropping the bomb seemed reasonable to Harry Truman and the men around him and why it still doesn't seem unreasonable to some of us. Had the bomb not been dropped many more thousands of Allied and Japanese troops would have been felled in combat. Prisoners of war would have been tortured and killed. And, as the Allied victory became surer, the subjects of the soon-to-be-vanquished Japanese empire would have had wreaked on them the savagery which only a religious "banzai" army in defeat could imagine inflicting.

IN ANY CASE, WHO COULD BE CERtain when (or that) Japan would have actually surrendered? Some Japanese believe that, instead of a war crimes tribunal imposed by the victors, there should have been a war crimes trial initiated by the Japanese themselves. But with what crimes would the indicted be charged? One Japanese historian answers: "For starting a war which they knew they would lose." Could rulers who had started such a war be counted on to end it just because it had been lost on the battlefield? He who is sure about that will be sure about everything.

MARTIN PERETZ

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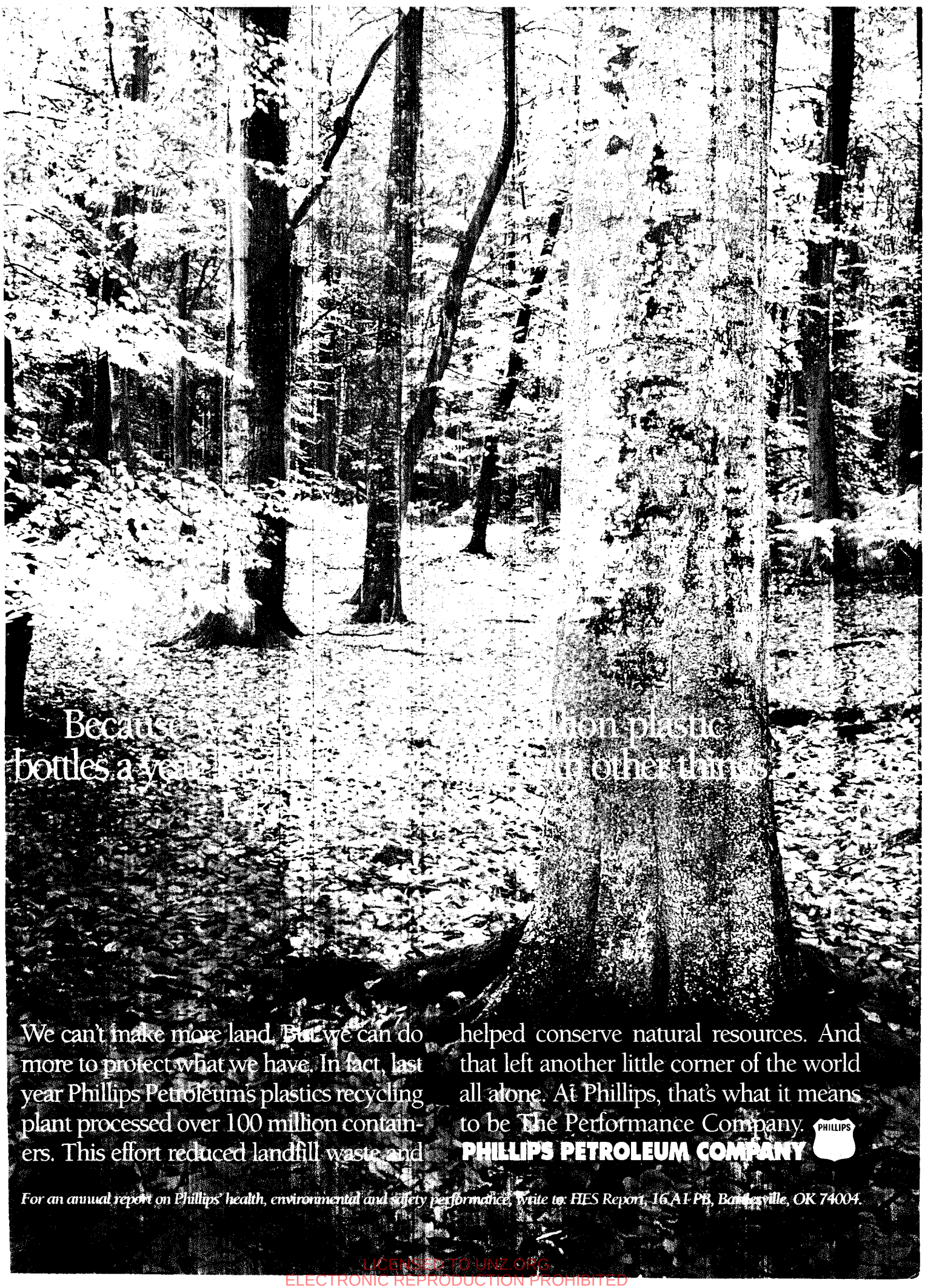

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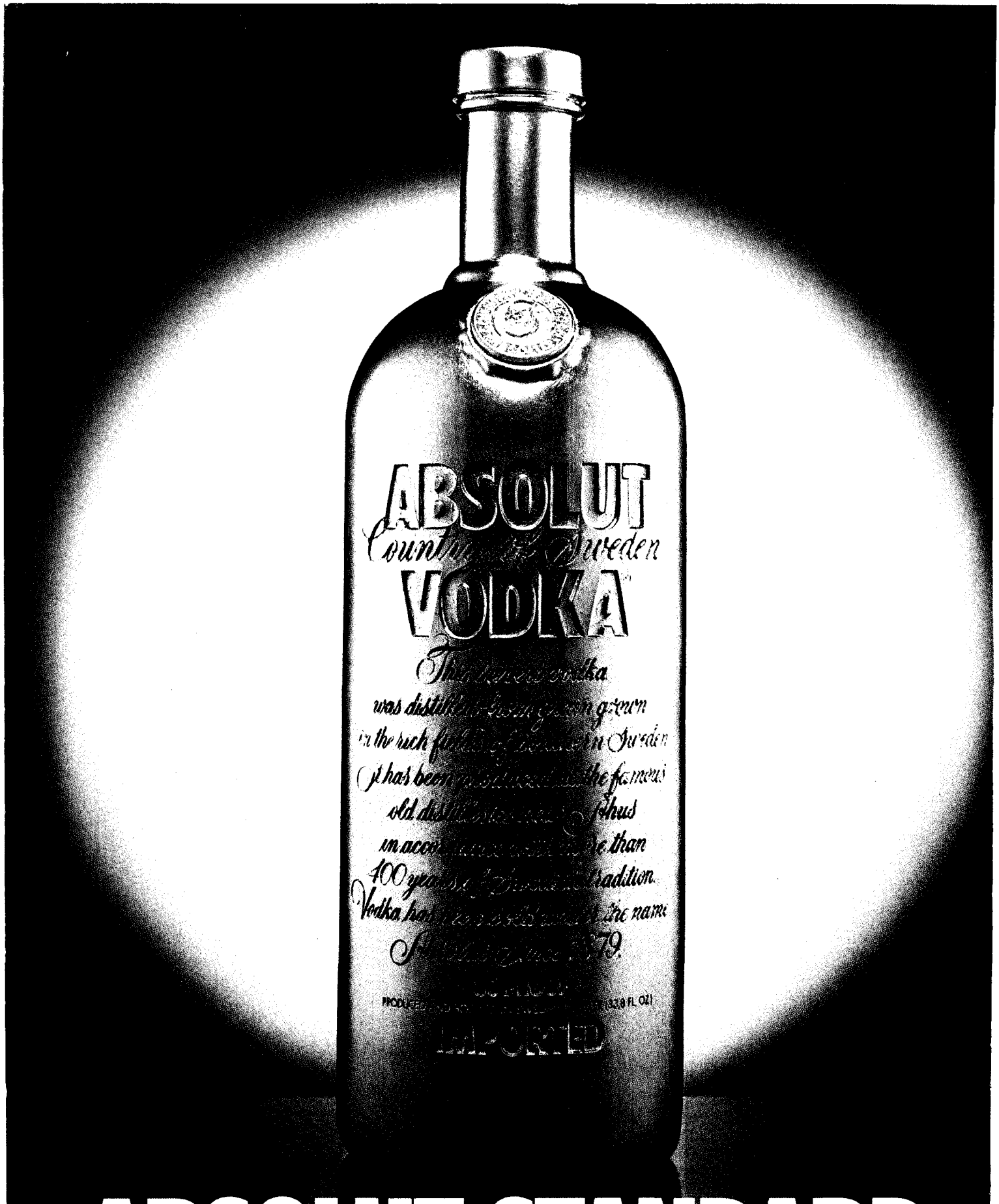

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